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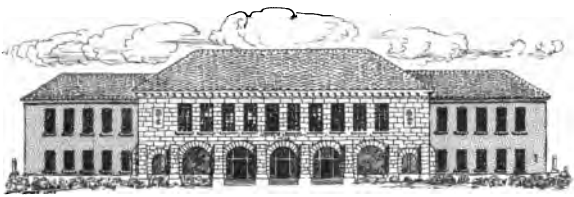

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THIRD READER

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PREFACE.

THE plan of this Reader is the same as that pursued in the lower books of the series.

Exercises on the elementary sounds should form part of each reading-lesson, as the ability to articulate these sounds properly is essential to good reading. The importance of these exercises, therefore, can hardly be overestimated. Pupils should also be thoroughly familiar with the diacritical marks in indicating the pronunciation of words, and their mastery of this point can best be tested by frequent written exercises.

Definitions are introduced in the latter half of the book. These need not be committed to memory, but the words defined should be used in spelling and in sentence-making exercises until the pupils shall have learned their meaning and use.

Suggestions for instruction in language work follow some of the selections. By using these as guides, the preparation of needed or desirable language lessons will be an easy task.

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TABLE OF SOUNDS.

LONG VOCALS.

ā, as in āte.	ē, as in ēve.
â, " ĉâre.	ĕ, " ĕrr.
ä, " ärm.	ī, " īçe.
å, " låst.	ō, " ōde.
ą, " ąll.	ū, " tūne.

o͞o, as in fo͞ol.

REMARK.—Do not confuse ū and o͞o. Tūne is often improperly pronounced to͞on.

SHORT VOCALS.

ă, as in ăm.	ŏ, as in ŏdd.
ĕ, " ĕlm.	ŭ, " ŭp.
ĭ, " ĭn.	o͝o, " lo͝ok.

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, as in oil. | ou, as in out.

SUBVOCALS.

b,	as in	bĭb.	v,	as in	văl̇ve.
d,	"	dĭd.	th,	"	thĭs.
ḡ,	"	ḡĭḡ.	z,	"	zĭn̲e.
j,	"	jŭḡ.	z,	"	ăzure.
n,	"	nīne.	r,	"	râre.
m,	"	māim.	w,	"	wē.
ng,	"	hăng.	y,	"	yĕt.

l, as in lŭll.

ASPIRATES.

f,	as in	fife.	t,	as in	tärt.
h,	"	hĭm.	sh,	"	shē.
k,	"	¢āke.	ch,	"	chăt.
p,	"	pīpe.	th,	"	thĭck.
s,	"	sāme.	wh,	"	whȳ.

REMARK.—The above forty-four sounds are those employed in the English language. Many of these sounds are represented by other letters. A list of the most common of these "substitutes," as they are called, follows on the next page.

SUBSTITUTES.

ạ,	for	ŏ,	as in	whạt.	y̆,	for ĭ,	as in my̆th.
ê,	"	â,	"	thêre.	c̣,	" k,	" c̣ăn.
e̱,	"	ā,	"	fe̱int.	ç,	" s,	" çīte.
ĭ,	"	ē,	"	polïçe.	çh,	" sh,	" çhāi̱e.
ĭ,	"	ẽ,	"	sĭr.	c̣h,	" k,	" c̣hāos.
ȯ,	"	ŭ,	"	sȯn.	ġ,	" j,	" ġĕm.
o̤,	"	o͞o,	"	to̤.	n̲,	" ng,	" ĭn̲k.
o̤,	"	o͝o,	"	wo̤lf.	s̲,	" z,	" ăs̲.
ô,	"	a̤,	"	fôrk.	s,	" sh,	" su̱re.
õ,	"	ẽ,	"	wõrk.	x̲,	" gz,	" exăc̣t.
u̱,	"	o͝o,	"	fu̱ll.	gh,	" f,	" läugh.
û,	"	ẽ,	"	bûrn.	ph,	" f,	" phlŏx.
u̱,	"	o͞o,	"	ru̱de.	qu,	" k,	" pïque̱.
ȳ,	"	ī,	"	flȳ.	qu,	" kw,	" quĭt.

PUNCTUATION.

Punctuation marks, or points, are used in writing and printing that one may clearly understand what he reads. The following are the principal marks used:

1. The **Period** (.) is used at the end of a sentence; as, *John is young*. It is also used

after an abbreviation; as, *Dr. Williams; Mr. Smith.*

2. The **Comma** (,), **Semicolon** (;), and **Colon** (:) mark the divisions of a sentence; as, *An enigma is a dark saying; an obscure question, a riddle. I bought the following articles: bread, butter, tea, and coffee.*

3. An **Interrogation Point** (?) denotes a question; as, *What is this?*

4. An **Exclamation Point** (!) marks strong feeling; as, *O Ned! come here quick!*

5. The **Hyphen** (-) is used between the parts of a compound word; as, *saw-mill, school-house.* It is also used at the end of a line when part of a word is on the next line.

6. The **Dash** (—) is used to show a sudden break or change in the thought; as, *Mr. Wilson does not believe—so I am told—that Henry stole the money.*

7. **Quotation Marks** (" ") denote the words of another; as, *John replied, "I will never do so again."*

8. The **Apostrophe** (') denotes that a letter or letters are left out; as, *o'er*, for *over; 't is*, for *it is.*

THIRD READER.

LESSON 1.—PART 1.

fo͝ot'sto͞ol	bā'by-cärt	gāme	rŏck'ing-hôrse
ūṣ'ū al ly	po ṣī'tion	hūng	trans pâr'ent
up lĭft'ed	grāte'fụl	join	mēan'whīle
chĭrp'ing	sprăng	sĭll	păr'a lyzed

WHAT EDDIE FORGOT.

1. "Aunt Mary, this horse is n't a bit nice," said Eddie; and he sprang from his rocking-horse to the floor with an angry frown.

2. "What is the matter with it, dear?" asked Aunt Mary. "I think it is a beautiful horse."

3. "Yes, I know that," said Eddie; "but—but—look! It is n't half so pretty as Cousin John's."

4. "I am afraid my little Eddie has forgotten something this morning. Perhaps he has forgotten to be grateful."

5. Eddie hung his head and went slowly across the room to a window, upon the sill of which a sparrow was picking up crumbs, chirping meanwhile in a merry, contented way.

6. After a little while Aunt Mary said, "Eddie, come here, and stand on a footstool behind my chair. Now put your hands over my eyes, and I will tell you what I see."

7. This was an old game that Eddie and his aunt played quite often. He always delighted to join in it, for his aunt usually saw very funny things when her eyes were covered.

8. When he had put his hands over her eyes, she said, "I can see a little girl in a baby-cart. She is not a baby—she is as old as Eddie—and she is lying on her back, her blue eyes uplifted to the skies.

9. "Her face is very pale and thin, and her hands are almost transparent. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the children are playing around her.

10. "She will never run in the sunshine, nor play with her little brothers and sisters, nor bound across the breezy meadow as happy as a bird on the wing." "Why?" asked Eddie.

11. "Because she is paralyzed. She can not move. She will never again walk across a room; but as long as she lives she must lie as she now does, unless some one places her in another position."

PART 2.

out′sīde	pēaçe′fụl	nēi′ther	tĕm′per
ḡȯv′ern	snătched	knēel	ŏb′jeĉt

un fôrt′ū nate

1. Eddie would now have taken his hands from his aunt's eyes, but she held them there,

saying, "I think I shall presently see something more.

2. "Yes, I see a boy about as large as Eddie sitting in the sunshine outside of his mother's cottage. His little face wears a wondering look as if he were always listening.

3. "He turns his large brown eyes up to the blue sky, smiling sweetly as the songs of the birds fall upon his ear; and one thin hand is placed softly in the other, as if his heart were full of peaceful joy.

4. "But he sees neither green valley nor blue sky with white clouds sailing across it, nor any other object on the earth or above it. He has never seen either father or mother, brother or sister."

5. "Oh, why?" cried Eddie, looking very much troubled, as he snatched his hands away and came from behind the chair to kneel at his aunt's knee.

6. "Because he is blind," said Aunt Mary. "Think of all the unfortunate people in the world, my darling, and do not forget to be grateful for the goodness of God toward you. Learn to govern your temper and to be contented."

7. "I will try not to be cross or angry again," said Eddie; and he went to his rocking-horse, smoothed its mane, and patted its neck.

LESSON 2.—PART 1.

sup plȳ′	ad vīçe′	dāi′ly	whēat′-straw̱s
fa̱l′cons	flĕdġed	cōurt	thêre up ŏn′
săt′is fȳ	thrĕsh	bōre	măn′neṟs
at tĕnd′	kĭng′s̱	sôrt	mĕsh′es̱

THE SPARROW AND HIS THREE CHILDREN.

1. A sparrow had three young ones in a nest; but, just as they were fledged, some naughty boys found the nest and frightened the birds out. Happily, a slight breeze was blowing at the time, which bore the young ones up and away, so the boys did not catch them.

2. But the old sparrow was sorry because his children were gone out into the world before he had warned them of its dangers and taught them good manners.

3. Now, in the fall a great many sparrows happened to meet in a field of wheat, and among them the old sparrow fortunately met with his young ones; and he took them home with him in great joy.

4. "Ah! my dear children," he said to them, "what a trouble I have been in about you all the summer, while you faced the world without my advice; now hear my words, and attend to

your father, and take care of yourselves, for little birds must needs meet great dangers."

5. Thereupon he asked his eldest young one where he had been during the summer, and how he had found food for himself. "I have been at the king's court," he replied.

6. "Sparrows and that sort of birds should not go to such a place," said the father; "at court there are such birds as hawks, falcons, and owls. Keep to the stables, where they store the corn and thresh out the wheat, for there you can satisfy your wants with a daily supply of food."

7. "Yes, father," said the son, "but if the boys make their wheat-straws into meshes, many a one may get hanged by them." "Where have you seen that?" asked the old bird. "At court, among the stable-boys."

8. "Ah! my son, stable-boys are nearly always bad boys. If you have been with them, and yet have left behind you no feathers, you know how to take care of yourself in the world."

PART 2.

hīgh'wāyṣ spī'derṣ chûrch ex pĕ'ri ĕnçed
sĕr'monṣ de fĕnd' ĭn'ju ry mis fôrt'une
ĕre ā'tor strĭct'ly roŭgh as tŏn'ished
bȳ'wāyṣ ĕŏn'sciençe

1. "And where have you sought your daily food?" asked the old bird of the second young one. "On the highways and byways. I have turned over sticks and stones; and so, now and then, I have happened to find corn and wheat."

2. "That is indeed a fine way to live," said the father; "but mind you watch the hedges, and see that no one bends down to pick up a stone; for, if so, it is time for you to start."

3. "That is true," said the young bird; "but what if one should carry stones in his pocket?" "Where have you seen that?" "With the school-boys, dear father," he replied; "for when they go about, some of them carry stones to throw at little birds." "Oh, school-boys, queer little people they! If you have been among them you have seen and experienced a great deal."

4. At last the father came to the youngest bird, and said, "Ah! my dear son, you were always the weakest and most foolish; do stop with me. The world has so many large, wicked,

rough birds, with sharp beaks and long claws, who attack and eat all the little birds; keep with me, and let our quiet life at home content you."

5. "Ah! my dear father, he who lives without injury to others, fares well, and no hawk, owl, or falcon shall harm him; for every morning and evening, he asks of God his daily food,—of God, who is both the creator and protector of all the forest and village birds, and hears their cries. Without his will no sparrow falls to the ground."

6. "Where did you learn all this?" cried the old bird, astonished. "When the breeze took me away," replied the bird, "I came to a church, where I spent the summer in eating the flies and spiders off the windows, and there I heard the sermons. The Father of all sparrows fed me through the summer, and kept me from all misfortune."

7. "True, my dear son," said the old bird; "fly back to the church, and keep the flies and spiders from the windows. Also, forget not to pray the Creator daily, and so you will be safe were the whole world full of great, wicked birds. For God will ever protect and defend those who trust in him, who are gentle and kind to others, who keep their word strictly, and their conscience clear."

LESSON 3.

a broad′ a dôrned′ slĭps dĭm′pling
trămp′ing fŏr′eĭgn

FOREIGN LANDS.

1. Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

2. I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

3. I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
And dusty roads go up and down,
And people tramping into town.

4. If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I could see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships—

5. To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings are alive.

Language Exercise.—This selection is called *poetry.* There are five *stanzas*, and each stanza has four lines or *verses.* Who can name one point in which poetry differs from prose? With what kind of letter does each line begin?

Notice the sounds of the syllables at the ends of the lines: which ones sound alike? This likeness of sound is called *rhyme;* thus, "lie" is said to rhyme with "eye."

Read the second stanza aloud, and notice how regularly the accent, or weight of the voice, falls on every other syllable, dividing each verse into four measures or *feet.* This regularity of division is one of the peculiarities of poetry, and is called *rhythm.*

LESSON 4.

scăt'tered	stŭnned	wăg'on	nōōn
un lŭck'y	hŭr'ried	hal lōō'	lĭmp
tŭm'bled	mär'ket	shä'n't	wīfe
shŭt'ting	re çĕss'	re ṣĭst'ing	lĕst
	temp tā'tion		

JAMIE.

1. Jamie had stopped on his way home from school, and was looking at some nice, ripe apples that lay scattered on the ground just over the fence. His parents were very poor, and he did not find quite enough in his little basket, at the noon recess, for a hungry boy.

2. He wanted some of the apples very much. "I won't," said he, at last; "they're not mine—and I won't—no, I won't," and he hurried away toward home, even shutting his eyes lest the rosy apples should prove to be too great a temptation.

3. Presently his foot struck against a stone, and down he fell. He was stunned by the fall, but not badly hurt. Poor Jamie! It seemed rather hard that he should be hurt at all while resisting temptation.

4. He had not risen to his feet when he heard the cheery voice of the owner of the orchard,

who was driving home from market in his old wagon.

5. "Halloo! my boy," said he, as he jumped from his wagon, and lifted Jamie from the ground, "be a little man! You are not hurt very much; you will feel better in a minute or so.

6. "There, you will forget to limp before you get home. Now crawl under the fence and fill your basket with the nicest apples you can find. May be, though, you don't like apples."

7. "Indeed, sir, I do like them," said Jamie. "I wanted some very much, and I was afraid I should take one—but I knew that would be wrong, so I shut my eyes and ran on."

8. "And then you tumbled over a stone," said the farmer. "Well, that was unlucky. But it is n't every boy, or man, either, that would n't stop and help himself without asking leave."

9. Jamie thanked the farmer for his kindness, brushed the dust from his clothes, and soon filled his basket with fine, large apples. He could eat them, now, with a clear conscience.

10. "I sha'n't forget to look after that boy," said the farmer to his wife at supper. "Such boys as he make good, trusty men, and I will help him if he ever needs help."

LESSON. 5.—PART 1.

ŭt'tered	Bĕs'sie	Sū'şan	ḡrănd'pa pä
hū'mor	ī dē'ăş	ī'dle	sĕn'tençe
stū'pid	mĕant	drōll	twĭn̲k'le

ċom'fort a ble

IDLE WORDS AND IDLE WISHES.

1. "Susan, Susan, what are you doing? It is getting late, and we have n't filled our baskets. Oh, do be quick!"

2. "I can't, Bessie; I like to lie here and be comfortable. Never mind the flowers—come, let us have a talk! I want to ask you something."

3. Bessie went slowly and unwillingly to the great tree under which Susan was lying, and asked, "Well, what do you want?"

4. "Why, really, I forget now; my ideas never stay long with me. Oh, now I know! I want to know what grandpapa meant when he said, this morning, that every sentence I uttered began with the same letter."

5. "Why don't you ask him, Susan?" "I did ask him, but he only looked at me with that droll twinkle in his eyes, and said I, myself, must find out what he meant. I can't find out. Do tell me, Bessie."

6. "Who is it that you think the most about? Who is it that you try to please? Whom are you pleasing now?"

7. "Oh, I see now what grandpapa meant. He meant that I am always thinking about myself, and that every sentence I utter begins with 'I.' How unkind he is. Dear me, I wish I was somewhere else than in this stupid place."

8. "That is an idle wish, Susan." "Yes, of course it is. You all say that I am idle—and let me do what I will, auntie says she 'never did see such an idle girl.'"

9. "Why, Susan, what makes you talk so? You are in a bad humor to-day." "I know it—and I know that I am selfish and idle, and that all of you are right in finding fault with me. Well, let us run about a while, and pick some flowers."

PART 2.

grŭff'ly	lĕct'ūr ing	wrĕtch'ed	shrŭb'ber y
lŏcked	hŏn'est ly	a gainst'	con fū'şion
shāme	moist'en ing	stärt'led	sȯme'whạt
		ī'vy	

1. The two girls played together some time, picking flowers and listening to the birds. Suddenly Susan cried out, "O Bessie, only look; there are steps put up against the window of the room that is always locked. Now we 'll have a peep into it."

2. "Oh, no, Susan, we must not do that," said Bessie; but as usual her sister had her own way, and they soon climbed to the window and opened the blinds.

3. They were both peeping into the room, holding on by each other and the ivy, when they were startled by a voice near them. "Bessie and Susan," said their grandpapa, somewhat gruffly.

4. Oh, how ashamed they felt! They came down the steps with their faces red with shame and confusion. "What were you doing up there?" asked their grandpapa.

5. "I wanted to see what was inside," said Susan, "and the door is always locked."

6. "So you thought you would steal the pleasure that you could not get fairly and honestly, did you?"

7. "But I wanted to look into the room, grandpapa."

8. "*I* wanted to look into the room! O little Susan, what a hard master Self is! What troubles he will bring upon you if you don't break his chains!

9. "*I want, I must* have, *I will* take—that is the way Self makes thieves and burglars. Forget this wretched Self, and be happy in loving and thinking of others."

10. And the kind old man, seeing that tears were moistening the bright blue eyes of his grandchildren, added quickly, "But there shall be no more lecturing now. Hide-and-seek in the shrubbery is the game for us.

11. "The first one that finds grandpapa may have all the little bits of silver that are hidden away in the corners of his pockets."

LESSON 6.

Oc tō'ber	mā'pleş	scŭr'ry	quāil
nôrth'ern	stŭb'ble	heīgh	crīsp
chĕst'nut	frŏst'ed	trĕad	bûrş
show'erş	vā'porş	whĭrş	tŏps
sụ'mac	de şīre'	stēel	hŭg̃
bŭck'whēat		pär'tridge	

AUTUMN SONG.

1. No clouds are in the morning sky,
   The vapors hug the stream,—
   Who says that life and love can die
   In all this northern gleam?
   At every turn the maples burn,
   The quail is whistling free,
   The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
   Are dropping for you and me.
   Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
   Hilly ho!
   In the clear October morning.

2. Along our path the woods are bold,
   And glow with ripe desire;
   The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
   The sumacs spread their fire;

The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

LESSON 7.

mŭm′mieş	jew′elş	hâreş	E ġўp′tianş
em bälm′	wĭnks	nŏdş	shôrt
twī′līght	it sĕlf′	skŭll	ɛŏm′iɛ al ly

mōōn mīçe dis tûrbed′

THE OWL.

1. The owl is called a bird of prey because it lives on birds, mice, and other animals that are smaller or weaker than itself.

2. It has a very thick skull and a short beak. It can not see well in the sunlight, and nods its head and winks comically when disturbed.

3. An owl can not fly swiftly, but its feathers are so soft that it makes but little noise when it hunts its prey in the twilight, or when the moon is shining.

4. Tame owls have been known to become so friendly with cats that they would go to sleep with them in a basket. A story is told of a tame owl that used to catch mice for a kitten which it had taken under its charge.

5. The Snowy Owl, though not very large, destroys many hares and rabbits. It also catches fishes, watching for them as it sits on a low branch of a tree, or on the bank of a stream. It is a pretty bird, its great eyes shining like jewels.

6. The Egyptians used to embalm owls and make mummies of them. They thought that owls did much good by destroying many animals which ate and injured the crops.

LESSON 8.

pĭn̲k	mŏss′y	pĕt′alş	strēam′let
pō̲ol	al lūre′	trout	gnärled
lēap	trough	bŭdş	lĭn̲′ḡerş
		dāin′ty	

THE TROUT-BROOK.

1. You see it first near the dusty road,
Where the farmer stops with his heavy load,
At the foot of a weary hill:
There the mossy trough it overflows,
Then away, with a leap and a laugh, it goes
At its own sweet, wandering will.

2. It flows through an orchard gnarled and old,
Where in spring the dainty buds unfold
Their petals pink and white;
The apple-blossoms, so sweet and pure,
The streamlet's smiles and songs allure
To float off on its ripples bright.

3. Just there, where the water, dark and cool,
Lingers a moment in yonder pool,
The dainty trout are at play;
And now and then one leaps in sight,
With sides aglow in the golden light
Of the long, sweet summer day.

LESSON 9.

lŭg′gāge	lăd′en	sĭx′teen	ex çĕp′tion
hŭn′dred	ĸrŭst	stā′tion	ĕv′i dent ly
dŏn̄′key	trŏt	wāst′ed	grōom′ing
vē′hi ĸle	ĸlăd	çēased	dĭs o bey′
ad vĕnt′ūre	sĕll	whăck	Sĸŏt′land
	sănd	re spĕĸt′fụl ly	

THE BOY AND HIS DONKEY.

1. A sound like "whack—whack—whack—whack" was heard from end to end of the street, though the street was fully three hundred yards long.

2. You see it was what is called a fast-day in the north of Scotland. The town was very quiet, and with the exception of a donkey-cart there was not a vehicle in sight.

3. A lad was on the cart; he was a large boy, fully sixteen years old. The cart was laden with sand.

4. The donkey had stopped suddenly in the middle of the street—and there he stood with his nose between his knees. He evidently did not mean to go, let his master whack as long and as hard as he pleased.

5. The whacking of the poor brute had so cruel a ring in it that I rushed up and told the boy to stop. Had he dared to disobey, I should have pulled him off the cart very quickly indeed.

6. "Why does n't he go on, then?" cried the boy. "I want to sell my sand and get home to my dinner. And what business is it of yours?"

7. "Not so fast, please," I said quietly;

"look here—this is what the poor donkey wants." As I spoke, I picked up a large crust of bread, which some one had dropped, and which the donkey seemed to think should not be wasted.

8. I handed it to the animal, and as soon as he had eaten it, and even before I had ceased talking to his master, he began to trot off.

9. I knew that the boy was not bad at heart, for he had listened respectfully to what I had to say. As the donkey started off, he turned round laughing, and said, "Good day, sir; I must say I never saw my old donkey trot like this before."

10. Well, to show what can be done by a word of good advice given in season, I may tell you that about six or seven months after this adventure I met the boy and his donkey again.

11. The boy himself was well clad, and the donkey was quite clean and fat. The boy touched his cap.

12. "I took your advice, sir," said he; "the other boys laughed at me,—but look at Bert." He smiled as he patted the donkey. "Yes," I replied, "and look at yourself."

13. "I am not in the same business now. When Bert got a bit fatter, I painted the old cart—does n't it look nice?—and took to carting luggage from the station."

14. I have never seen either the boy or his donkey since that day; but before we parted he told me that the other boys were now grooming their donkeys, feeding them better, and using the stick less.

LESSON 10.—PART 1.

bŏn′net	Fĭn′ley	stōve	dōor′-stĕp
rĭch′est	mä′am	bā′con	po tā′to
		lĭef	

MARY'S DINNER COMPANY.

1. There was a loud rap at the school-room door as of some one in a hurry.

2. "Come in," said the teacher. The door was thrown open, and Mr. Finley, a large, kind man who hauled wood to the town, stood on the door-step holding a little girl by the hand.

3. He told the teacher that the girl's name was Fanny Snow; that her parents were very poor, but wished to send her to school; and that he had agreed to bring her to town every day in his wagon.

4. "Come in, Fanny," said the teacher. "Thank you, Mr. Finley; we will see about her lessons soon."

5. "All right, ma'am. I'll come this way a little before four o'clock to take her home."

6. The little stranger was given a seat near the stove, for her feet were bare though it was late in the fall and there were sharp frosts every morning.

7. When she took off her sun-bonnet, her face was seen to be round and rosy. It was not long before every one loved her. Her seat was by Mary Howard, whose father was the richest man in the town.

8. "Mother," said Mary, one morning, at the breakfast table, "may I have a dinner party?"

9. "Perhaps so," said her mother smiling. "Whom will you invite?"

10. "How many may I invite, mother?"

11. "Oh, four or five, I suppose."

12. "Now, mother," said Mary, "would n't you just as lief I should have one little girl five times as five little girls one time?"

13. There was a laugh all around the table at this, but Mary waited eagerly for an answer. "Mary," said Mr. Howard, "what little girl do you wish to invite to dinner five times?"

14. "Why, papa," said she, "Fanny Snow brings her dinner to school every day, and it's hardly ever any thing but a piece of bread and a potato. She says her mother can sometimes let her have two potatoes and a piece of bacon."

15. Mary's voice was trembling a little—and no one at the table laughed now.

16. "You shall have your dinner company, darling," said her mother.

PART 2.

mĕm'ber	ăn'ġel	ĕn'vy	åft'er wardş
trĭpped	¢ärdş	lŭnch	be lŏnged'
		ẉard'rōbe	

1. So Mary had her way, and went off to school happy, with this invitation written on one of her mother's cards: "Miss Mary Howard requests the pleasure of Miss Fanny Snow's company to dinner every school-day next week."

2. Every week afterwards a different member of the family sent Fanny an invitation, until each had invited her; then Mary's turn came again.

3. There were four little Snows, younger than Fanny. They did not envy her, and I will tell you why.

4. In Mrs. Howard's wardrobe was a small, round basket that had belonged to her own little Fanny now in heaven.

5. It had been her lunch basket, and the sight of it made the mother's heart ache when thinking of the bright face that used to look

back at her as her little daughter tripped away to school.

6. This basket was taken down the first week Mary had her dinner company, and filled from the table for Fanny to carry home to the hungry ones there.

7. She never forgot to bring it back the next morning, and she never failed to take it home again after school.

8. "Mother," said Mary one night, "what makes the tears come into your eyes sometimes when you are filling the brown basket for the Snow children?"

9. Mrs. Howard kissed the rosy face of her daughter. "Mary," she said, softly, "I call those children your angel sister's dinner company."

LESSON 11.

who ĕv'er looms weave

RUNNING AWAY.

1. "Wait a minute, dear Brook, I pray;
Where are you going?" "I'm running away."
"Yes, but where?" "Oh, down the hill.
Brooks, you know, can never stand still."

2. "But listen—listen! You chatter so,
You 'll never hear what I say, I know."
"Never, never! I 'm off, you see,
And whoever talks must run with me."

3. "Tell the flowers I'm glad 't is May."
"So the robins and bluebirds say.
The early blossoms are gayly dressed
In dainty colors—their very best.

4. "But I must hurry! The little looms
That weave the silk for each flower that blooms,
Will all move slowly and then stand still,
To wait for the water that runs the mill."

LESSON 12.—PART 1.

bŏn′fīre	pū′pil	nōōn	per mĭs′sion
whōl′ly	re çīte′	răng	dis mĭssed′
re ḡrĕt′	re şŭlt′	pīle	ŏe′eu pīed
plĕn′ty	mȧsts	toy	rŭb′bish

PLENTY OF TIME.

1. "Johnny," said Mr. Gray, "I want you to clear away that pile of brush and rubbish in the garden to-day. Make fire-wood of the largest of the brush, and gather the rubbish

into a pile. You may have a bonfire to-night."

2. "Yes, sir," said Johnny, his thoughts wholly occupied with the masts and sails of a toy ship he was making.

3. "Remember, it must be done to-day," said his father, as he rode away.

4. "It won't take me long to do that little bit of work," said Johnny to himself. "I will begin it as soon as I finish this mast."

5. How fast the moments pass when we are not thinking much about them! Before Johnny had finished the mast, the bell rang for school.

6. "Did you clear away the brush, Johnny?" asked his mother as he ran into the house for his books.

7. "No, mother, I'll do it at noon. I'll have plenty of time;" and he hurried off.

8. As usual with pupils that have "plenty of time," he did not begin to study the morning lesson until a few minutes before his class was called to recite. The result was that he had to study most of the noon recess. There was not time left for work in the garden.

9. I regret to say that Johnny had not thought of this work since he left home in the morning.

10. The boys had planned to go into the woods after school to gather nuts. Johnny ran

home, as soon as school was dismissed, to ask permission to go with them.

11. "But, Johnny," said his mother, "what is to be done with that brush? Your father told you it must be cleared away to-day."

12. "Oh, mother, can't I do that to-morrow? I'll have plenty of time. I'll get up early, and do it before school. Won't that do?"

13. Mrs. Gray shook her head. "I fear," said she, "it will not do to put it off. You had plenty of time to do it this morning before school; but it was not done. You must do it now."

PART 2.

stămped e lĕv'en chāse rĕş o lū'tion
tē'di oŭs en dūre' drōve re şŏlv'ing
sē'ri oŭs lăgged tăsk in quīr'ing
loi'ter rāve ăct'ū al ly

1. Johnny threw down his hat and coat, stamped his feet, and began to cry. Yes, he actually began to cry, although he was eleven years old.

2. By and by he heard the voices of his school-mates, and knew they would soon be along inquiring for him. He could not endure the thought of meeting them, so he ran into the garden and hid himself.

3. "Johnny Gray! Johnny Gray!" they cried. Johnny could see them, but he did not answer. Presently one of them went to the door of the house, and he heard him say, "Please, Mrs. Gray, we're going after nuts, and we want Johnny to go with us."

4. "I am very sorry," was the reply, "but he can not go to-day. His father has something for him to do."

5. The boys did not think they had "plenty of time" to loiter; so they left, shouting and laughing. When they were out of sight, Johnny crept out of his hiding-place, and began to cut the brush and pile up the rubbish.

6. The task was neither hard nor tedious. If he had worked diligently, he might have finished it in an hour; but he was out of humor, and the work lagged. Then he saw a rabbit run through the garden.

7. "It won't take me long to catch it," said he, dropping the ax, and giving chase. But he did not catch it, and was obliged to go back to his work without it, after wasting at least a quarter of an hour.

8. Then he thought of the promise of a bonfire, and began to work in earnest. Soon his father drove up to the door, and he ran to meet him.

9. "Well, my son," said Mr. Gray, "if you have finished the task I gave you, you may get your coat and go with me to look at the new mill."

10. How Johnny's face burned as he said, "My work is not done, father."

11. "Then your mother and I must go without you." Mrs. Gray was soon ready, and Johnny saw his parents drive away. He did not now rave and stamp his feet; he saw that he was to blame, and knew that he ought to be punished.

12. With a serious look on his face, he picked up the ax and went to work, resolving never again to spend his time in play when he had work to do.

13. Let us hope that he kept his resolution, but let us remember that good resolutions are more easily made than kept by those that talk about having "plenty of time."

Language Exercise.—Tell the story of this lesson in your own language. Tell in writing what you think of a boy who makes good resolutions and breaks them.

Write in full the words Mr. and Mrs. Write five other words that are written as these are. Write the name of the point that is used after Mr. Make five sentences, in each one of which you will use one of these abbreviations: A. M., P. M., Miss., U. S. Write a sentence in which you should use these marks: " ".

LESSON 13.

a rīght′	ī′ron	down′cȧst	sue çēed′
nāil		gāz′ing	stŭm′ble

DRIVE THE NAIL ARIGHT.

1. Drive the nail aright;
   Hit it on the head;
   Strike with all your might,
   While the iron 's red.

2. When you 've work to do,
   Do it with a will;
   They who reach the top,
   First must climb the hill.

3. Standing at the foot,
   Gazing at the sky,
   How can you get up,
   If you never try?

4. Though you stumble oft,
   Never be downcast;
   Try, and try again—
   You 'll succeed at last.

LESSON 14.

at tĕn'tion	Dĭck	kĭck	grănd'mŏth er
rōad'sīde	shĕd	Dăn	blăck'bĕr rieş
Därk'ie	cōlts	lĭft	com păn'ionş
		neigh	

THE EARLY HOME OF A HORSE.

1. The first place that I remember any thing about was a large, pleasant pasture, with a pond in it. Some shade-trees grew near it. From the gate we could see our master's house, which stood by the roadside.

2. In the day-time I ran by my mother's side, and at night lay down close by her.

When it was hot, we used to stand in the shade of the trees; and when it was cold, we went to a nice, warm shed near the house.

3. As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the day-time, and come back in the evening.

4. There were five young colts in the pasture besides myself. They were older than I; some of them were nearly grown-up horses.

5. I used to run with them, and we had great sport. We would gallop together all round the pasture, as fast as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for my companions would often bite or kick.

6. One day, when there was a great deal of kicking, my mother called me to her, and said, "I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say.

7. "The colts who live here are pretty good colts, but they have not learned good manners. Your grandmother had a sweeter temper than any other horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me bite or kick.

8. "I hope you will grow up to be good and gentle, and will never learn bad ways. Do your work willingly, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick, even in play."

9. I have never forgotten what my mother said. I know she was a wise old horse; and I

think our master thought a great deal of her, for he often called her Pet.

10. Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, and spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. When my mother saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him.

11. He would pat and stroke her, and say, "Well, old Pet, how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black colt, so he called me Darkie. He would give me a piece of bread, and sometimes he brought mother an apple.

12. A boy named Dick worked for our master. He sometimes came into the pasture to pick blackberries which grew in the corners of the fence.

13. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would throw stones at us to make us gallop. We did not mind him much, for we could run away from him; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

14. One day, our master watched him, and saw him throw stones at us. He jumped over the fence, and catching Dick by the arm, gave him a box on the ear. When we saw him do this, we trotted up nearer to them.

15. "Bad boy!" said our master, "bad boy, to stone and chase the colts. This is not the first time you have done this cruel thing, but it

shall be the last. Here is your money. I do not want you on my farm any longer."

16. We never saw Dick again. Old Dan, the man that looked after the barns and stables, was just as kind to us as our master; so we were well off.

LESSON 15.

drēar'y	spärk	chănged	fīre'-plāçe
shīv'er	sē'eth	rāy	nōōn'tīde
glōōm	līght	cănd'le	glīm'mer
		êre	

ALONE IN THE DARK.

1. She has taken out the candle;
   She has left me in the dark;
   From the window not a glimmer;
   From the fire-place not a spark.
   I am frightened as I 'm lying
   All alone here in my bed,
   And I 've wrapped the clothes as closely
   As I can around my head.

2. There are birds out on the bushes;
   In the pasture lies the lamb;
   How I wonder if they 're ever
   Half so frightened as I am;

If they shake like me, and shiver
When they happen to awake
With the dark sky all around them,
Ere the day begins to break.

3. But what is it makes me tremble?
And why should I fear the gloom?
I am certain there is nothing
In the corners of the room.
When the candle burned so brightly,
I could see them, every one;
Are they changed to something fearful
Only just because it's gone?

4. Though I speak and no one answers,
In the quiet of the night,
Though I look, and through the blackness
Can not see a gleam of light;
Still I know there 's One who seeth
In the night as in the day,
For to him the darkness dreary
Is as bright as noontide ray.

Language Exercise.—Write your address just as it should be written on the envelope of a letter. Write in the form of a letter the thoughts in this lesson, using your own language. How many interrogative sentences in this lesson? What kind of sentences are the answers to these questions? Write an interrogative sentence and an answer to it. Use in sentences of your own the words for spelling.

LESSON 16.

Är'thur	Hŏdġe	ĉrŏps	vĕġ'e ta bleş
ĉoun'ty	de lāy'	bănd	hāy'-stăcks
plowed	shōne	rāke	hāy'-fôrks
rēap'er	Lūke	bĭnş	mōw'er

DREAMING AND DOING.

1. One afternoon Mr. Hodge, the farmer, found Arthur and Luke on a seat in the garden talking loudly. "Well, my lads," said he, "what is the matter now?"

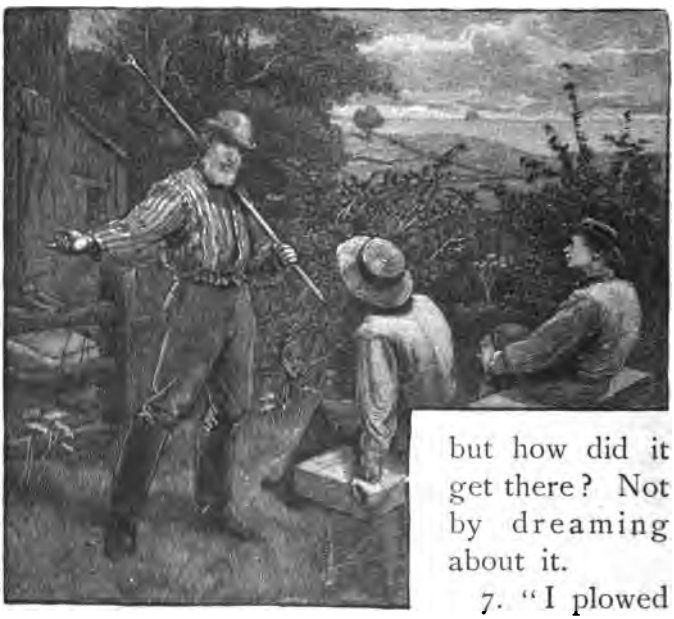
2. "Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wished I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and an orchard, and sheep, and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

3. "Dreaming and wishing!" said the farmer; "that won't do, Luke; you must try another way. Idle wishes are like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, for they would soon spoil my crops.

4. "You see those hay-stacks. Do you think that by wishing I could ever have put them there? No; the mower, the rake, and the hay-fork were set to work.

5. "We were at it early and late, and made hay when the sun shone, and there the great stacks are.

6. "In the barn there are bins full of wheat, and rye, and oats. They are part of last year's crop. There is no better grain in the county;



but how did it get there? Not by dreaming about it.

7. "I plowed and sowed; God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine; and in the proper season the reaper was set to work. The grain is now safe in the barn.

8. "Look at the vegetables in this garden. If I had not sown the seed in the spring, and taken care of the tender plants, they would not yield such a plentiful supply for our table as they now do.

9. "I think, then, Luke, it is quite clear that if any thing is to be done it should be done without delay, and that we must be diligent at whatever work we take in hand, whether we are school-boys or farmers.

10. "Do not fall into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of dreamers, but to the noble band of doers of good things."

LESSON 17.

sĕv'er al	ŭp'per	Kāte	ɕon fīne'ment
lĭb'er ty	whēel	ăt'tiɕ	plēad'ing ly
pĭtch'er	dĕath	bärş	grăn'a ry
ɕlaude	Ruth	wĭts	ɕrēat'ūre
vĕl'vet	hīred	kēy	knŏcked

CLAUDE'S LESSON.

1. "I've been setting a trap," said Claude, coming in to supper with a bright face. "I'm sure I'll catch a squirrel before morning."

2. "Why do you wish to catch a squirrel, Claude?" said Aunt Ruth.

3. "O Aunt Ruth, I'll put it in that cage in the attic, with a wheel on purpose for a squirrel to run up and down. I'll be real good to him,

Auntie. He shall have plenty of water and plenty of nuts. I 'll make a perfect pet of him."

4. "But he will be a prisoner," said Aunt Ruth.

5. "Oh, he 'll soon get used to that," replied Claude, taking another slice of bread and butter.

6. Aunt Ruth said no more, but hoped that Claude would not succeed in catching the squirrel. For several days he said nothing about it; but one evening he came running into the house, saying, "Oh, Aunt Ruth! I 've got him!"

7. "Let me beg, then, that you 'll not shut him up in that cage after his free life in the woods. Put him in the room over the granary. That will be a nice place for him."

8. Claude shook his head. He was proud of his captive, and meant to be good to him; but the sharp little teeth bit at the bars, and Mr. Squirrel seemed to keep saying, "Let me out! let me out!"

9. Aunt Ruth would stop and take a pitying look at him, now and then, and say, "Yes, poor creature, I would let you out in a minute, if you belonged to me. Perhaps I 'll do it, anyway."

10. She set her wits to work, and one day the little boy, who had gone to one of the upper rooms of the house, found himself locked in. Some one on the outside of the door had turned the key.

11. He knocked, called, and listened, but no one came. He looked out of the window and saw Aunt Ruth, with her little velvet bag on her arm, walking down the road to a neighbor's.

12. He also saw some boys who were going nutting. He heard their merry shouts, but could not make them hear him. "If this is n't a shame!" said Claude.

13. He looked around as he spoke. He was in one of the prettiest rooms in the cottage. A basket of pears and a pitcher of cold water from the well were on the table.

14. At another time, Claude would have eaten some of the pears, but he was now so angry that he would not touch them. "I would n't have believed that Aunt Ruth would play such a trick on me," said he, as he sat down by the window.

15. Presently Tim, the hired man, crossed the yard below, and stopped to speak to Kate in the kitchen. "That poor squirrel of Claude's," said he, "is just grieving himself to death."

16. "Tim! Tim!" cried Claude, leaning far out over the sill, "send Kate up here, won't you please?"

17. Kate's slow, heavy steps were soon heard on the stairs. When she reached the head of the stairs, Claude cried, pleadingly, "Won't you unlock the door, please, Kate?"

18. Kate needed no urging—so, after an hour's confinement, Claude was set at liberty. He rushed down to the barn, opened the door of the squirrel's cage, and let him go back to the woods again.

19. That evening Aunt Ruth told him the story of the great painter who used to buy birds in the markets for the pleasure of setting them free. Claude's eyes sparkled. "Aunt Ruth," said he, "that's just what I mean to do when I grow up to be a man."

LESSON 18.

dŏl′phin	văl′ūed	ḡŭllş	ŗe şĕm′bleş
a bŭnd′ant	vĕs′sel	därts	măck′er el
rē′ġionş	dĕck	fĭnş	pĕl′i ¢anş
es ¢āpe′	flĕsh	āid	trŏp′ĭ¢ al

THE FLYING FISH.

1. The side fins of the flying fish are like broad wings. By the aid of these it can leap from wave to wave, and has been known to leap as high as the deck of a sailing-vessel.

2. It is very abundant in the warm seas of tropical regions. In shape and color it resembles the mackerel. Its flesh is sweet and tender, and is much valued for food.

3. This fish flies or leaps into the air to escape from the dolphin and other enemies. It can not fly far—not much farther than three hundred feet. Its wings, or fins, must be wet after each leap.

4. But it has enemies in the air as well as in the water. Gulls, pelicans, and other sea-birds are on the watch to seize it when it leaps into the air.

5. Of course, the poor fish darts into the water as quickly as it can to escape from the birds, and then darts out again to escape from the dolphin.

6. A school of flying fishes may often be seen from a ship, their white sides gleaming in the sunlight like silver.

LESSON 19.

de scrībe′ whĭth′er Jē′s̱us sprīte

THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY.

1. Here is a little boy;
   Look at him well;
   Think if you know him;
   If you do, tell.
   I will describe him,
   That you may see
   If he 's a stranger
   To you and to me.

2. He has two hands
   That can manage a top,
   And climb a tall chestnut
   To make the nuts drop.
   They 're just full of business,
   With ball, hoop, and swing;
   Yet never too busy
   To do a kind thing.

3. He has two feet
That can run up and down
Over the country
And all about town.
I should think they 'd be tired—
They never are still;
But they 're ready to run for you
Whither you will.

4. He has two eyes,
Always busy and bright,
And looking for something
From morning till night.
They help him at work,
They help him at play,
And the sweet words of Jesus
They read every day.

5. He has two ears:
Oh, how they can hear
The birds as they sing
And the boys as they cheer!
They are out on the common,
And for him they call;
But one word from his mother
He hears first of all.

6. He has a tongue
That moves like a sprite;

It begins in the morning
As soon as the light.
It 's the best little tongue
You can anywhere find,
For it always speaks truth,
And it always is kind.

LESSON 20.

mo̤ve'ment	frṳit'less	pṳshed	un sus pĭ'cioŭs
fēar'less ly	en tīçed'	shâred	ac çĕpt'a ble
ĕlse'whêre	grāt'ing	sẽarch	eŏn'fi dençe
sus pĭ'cion	re trēat'	hās'ty	ca̤u'tioŭs ly
nū'mer oŭs	mēal	wă'ry	lōne'ly

A PRISONER TAMING A SPARROW.

1. Suddenly the lonely prisoner hears the chirp of a sparrow, enticed by a few crumbs of bread which he has pushed through the grating of his window.

2. "Here is something," thinks the prisoner, "that certainly bears me no ill-will—something which is above suspicion."

3. This unsuspicious feeling is not shared by the sparrow. The crumbs are all very acceptable so long as they can be reached without going inside the bars. "It is dark in there—I must be careful," thinks the wary bird.

4. There comes a day, however, when his search for food elsewhere is fruitless, or nearly so. He is very hungry. He comes to the window and cautiously pushes his head inside the bars to follow up a trail of crumbs laid by the prisoner.

5. No harm follows. He becomes bolder, and at last finds himself quite within the bars. Astonished at his own boldness, he beats a hasty retreat.

6. At the next visit, he hops across the floor, then makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite sure that the suspicious-looking object in the corner will not harm him.

7. The object in the corner moves a hand or a foot. This is too much for Mr. Sparrow. He retreats quickly to the window, and is away in haste, leaving the lonely prisoner more lonely than ever.

8. By-and-by, he comes again to the bars—for sparrows are numerous and food is scarce, and he longs for another meal of crumbs. At last he loses all fear, and hops close to the prisoner to get some crumbs on the floor near his feet.

9. Confidence is now gained. In a week or two he learns to come at a call, and to eat his meals fearlessly from the prisoner's hand.

LESSON 21.

Chrĭs'tian	kĕrn'el	gĭld	what sō ê' er'
se cūre'ly	fal'terş	hŏn'or	ġĕn'tle man
de çēive'	re tāin'	trĭ'fleş	trĕaş'ūreş
be lieve'	ăt'omş	hēal	thŏr'ōugh

A SERMON.

1. Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might.
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

2. Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I 'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white.
He who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

3. Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue;
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

4. If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it be but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

5. Whatever thing you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might.
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,

Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Changing never,
Be as thorough as you can.

LESSON 22.

ad mĭt'ted	sĭn'gu lar	re şĭd'ed	schōōl'-mȧs ter
thrŭsh'eş	Dăn'ube	bĭsh'op	Răt'iş bon
a dŏpt'ed	jū'ni per	wĕalth	rĕc om mĕnd'ed
prĕş'ençe	fēel'ingş	fū'el	fŏnd

THE TWO THRUSHES.

1. Many years ago, a little boy resided in a village on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel.

2. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries and sell them in a neighboring village. On his way he passed by the village school, where he saw a number of boys about as old as he.

3. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew that his father could

not send him to school, and he often passed the day thinking how he could get the school-master to teach him.

4. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two boys trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked them what it was for. He was told that they were setting the trap for thrushes, of which the school-master was very fond.

5. The poor boy was delighted to hear this, for he remembered that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries; and he had no doubt that he could catch some.

6. The next day he borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood

he caught two thrushes. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, took them to the school-master's house.

7. On his way he met the two boys who had been setting the trap, and learned that they had not caught any birds. His heart beating with joy, he was admitted into the school-master's presence. He told him, in a few words, that he had seen the boys setting the trap, and had caught the birds to bring them to him as a present.

8. "A present?" said the school-master. "Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides." "I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

9. The school-master looked at the boy as he stood before him with bare head and feet. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you."

10. "Oh," said the boy, "you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else. Teach me to read, dear, kind sir; teach me to read."

11. The school-master not only taught the boy to read, but recommended him to a gentleman who sent him to school at Ratisbon. He rose, step by step, to wealth and honors; and, when he became a bishop, adopted two thrushes as his coat of arms.

LESSON 23.

dis pūte′ cŏl′or pĕr′fūme straw′ber rieş
a sīde′ stȧff wrĭnk′leş gär′land ed

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

1. There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hands.

2. One of them sat by a stream and washed her hands in the water; another picked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were of a pink color; and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant with their perfume.

3. An old woman passing by, asked, "Who will give me a gift?" All three shook their heads; but another who sat near, unwashed by the stream, unstained by fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a gift.

4. The poor woman then asked them what they were disputing about. They told her, and held up their hands.

5. "Beautiful indeed," said she, when she saw them; "but the hand that gives to the poor is more beautiful than one that is washed in the clear stream, stained by fruit, or garlanded with fragrant flowers."

6. When she had said these words, the wrinkles fled from her face, her staff was thrown aside, and she stood before them an angel from heaven.

LESSON 24.

glŏss'y	hēeds	gōld'finch	chĭck'a dēe
chănçe	drĕad	wĭth'ered	south'ward
	frēez'ing	sēeds	

THE CHICKADEE.

1. The chickadee, the chickadee!
   A chosen friend of mine is he.
   His head and throat are glossy black;
   He wears a great-coat on his back;
   His breast is light—'tis almost white;
   His eyes are round, and clear, and bright.

2. He picks the seeds from withered weeds;
Upon my table-crumbs he feeds;
He comes and goes through falling snows;
The freezing wind around him blows—
He heeds it not; his heart is gay
As if it were the breeze of May.

3. The whole day long he sings one song;
Though dark the sky may be;
And better than all other birds,
I love the chickadee.

4. The bluebird coming in the spring,
The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
The humming-bird that feeds on pinks
And roses, and the bobolinks,
The robins gay, the sparrows gray—
They all delight me while they stay.

5. But when, ah me! they chance to see
A red leaf on the maple-tree,
They all cry, "Oh, we dread the snow!"
And spread their wings in haste to go;
And when they all have southward flown,
The chickadee remains alone.

6. A bird that stays in winter days,
A friend indeed is he;
So better than all other birds,
I love the chickadee.

LESSON 25.

fōur'teen	bĭt'ter ly	hū'man	Rĕv.
pās'saġe	Lȯn'don	Brĭs'tol	(rĕv'er end)
stew'ard	joûr'ney	Pēarse	Cȯrn'wall
stēam'er	a wāits'	Ḡuȳ	in clūd'ed
		rāil	

PASS THEM ON.

1. When the Rev. Mark Pearse was about fourteen years old, he went to London. He staid there until he had spent all his money excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall.

2. He went by rail to Bristol, and there took passage on a steamer. He thought that the passage-money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals that day.

3. At the end of the journey, the steward presented a bill for meals. "I have no money," said Mark, in surprise. "Then you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?" "Mark Guy Pearse."

4. The steward closed his book, took the boy by the hand, and said, "I never thought I should live to see you. Your father was very kind to my mother and me when we were in great distress. I then said that if I could ever do so, I would show kindness to some one he loved."

5. The grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him some money, and sent him ashore in a boat rowed by five sailors. Mark's father was waiting to receive him.

6. "Father," said Mark, "I am thankful that I have a good father;" and then the story of the steward's kindness was told.

7. "My boy," said Mr. Pearse, "it is long since I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you grow up, mind that you pass it on to others."

8. Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man, he was going by rail, on a short journey, when he saw a boy at a station crying bitterly. On being asked why he was crying, the boy said he had not money enough to pay his fare to the town where he lived.

9. Mr. Pearse at once bought the boy a ticket, and then told him the story of the steward's kindness on the steamer. "Now," said he, "I want you to pass this kindness on to others if you are ever able to do so."

10. As the train left the station, the boy waved his handkerchief, saying, "I will pass it on, sir; I will pass it on."

11. Good deeds, kind acts—pass them on. The year awaits them—three hundred and sixty-five days—full of human needs.

LESSON 26.—PART 1.

tĕmpt'er	Ăf'rĭ ca	cr̄aved	house'-māid
con fĕss'	sĭm'ply	o bē'	pre vāiled'
per sĭst'	a ḡhäst'	pâre	quạn'ti ty
		vāse	

THE BROKEN VASE.

1. "Now, Susie, will you confess to breaking the vase?"

2. "No, Aunt Mary, I can not, for I did not break it."

3. "Well, then, if you persist in denying it, you must not go to the hay-field with the rest; and as there is no school to-day, you may make yourself useful in the kitchen."

4. Not to go to the hay-field with the rest, when she and her cousins had been talking for days about the long, bright, hay-making holiday!—and for nothing, simply nothing, for she had not broken the vase. She went to the open window, and burst into tears.

5. "Papa, papa, come to me! Uncle Ben, oh come to me!" she cried; but her father was in Africa, and her uncle miles away, fishing with a friend. They could not help her.

6. The door opened, and a bright-eyed boy came into the room.

7. "I say, Susie, say you did it," said he, looking aghast at her tears.

8. "I won't, Harry; I did n't do it, and I won't say I did."

9. "Then you'll lose all the fun in the hayfield."

10. "But, Harry, 't would be a mean lie; I won't say it."

11. "Well, so it would; but mamma thinks you did it, and won't let you go unless you confess."

12. Susie made no reply; so Harry, the tempter, shut the door, and ran out into the sunshine, followed by his brothers, shouting till the echoes answered them.

13. Susie again burst into tears, and again the door opened. "Miss Susie, your aunt says you must go into the kitchen and pare the potatoes for dinner. They are ready."

14. It was Jane, the house-maid, that spoke. Susie had half a mind not to obey her aunt's command, but that "second thought," whatever it was, prevailed; she went into the kitchen.

15. There was her apron, and there were the potatoes—oh, such a quantity!—and they were to be eaten in the sunshine while she was to be a prisoner in the dingy kitchen. Poor Susie!

16. The sound of happy voices came in through the open window from the hay-field near, and she heard the humming of the bees and the songs of the birds.

17. How her heart ached, craved, hungered for her father! She did not cry now; but her face grew very pale.

PART 2.

păs'sion	smăshed	knīght	ac cūṣ'ing
mīs'chief	ex plāin'	Pụss'y	māze
ĕx pla nā'tion	māid'en	hụr rā'	pŏṣ'i tīve ly
	mis ŭn der stănd'		

1. Soon there came the sound of rushing feet and chattering tongues, and Harry burst into the kitchen, his brothers at his heels.

2. "I say, Susie, Uncle Ben says he broke the vase, and I'm off to find mamma!"

3. So cried Harry; and away he ran, the rest after him, to find mamma, wherever she might be.

4. Uncle Ben said so—then Uncle Ben was here. Susie heard his step in a maze of joy and gladness.

5. "Well, Susie," said he, as he looked at her tear-stained face and trembling lips, "has it been so hard?"

6. "Uncle Ben, they blamed me wrongfully," she said, her tears falling down among the potato-parings in the dish on her lap as she bowed her head.

7. "Well, never mind, Susie. Harry said I smashed the thing, but I didn't; Miss Pussy did the mischief. I let her into the parlor when I went away. I did not think that, on returning, I should play the noble knight by setting free a captive maiden."

8. Susie laughed. Smiles and tears come readily to the eyes of children. Aunt Mary soon appeared, the children clustering round her like bees. She looked like one in a dream.

9. "What does all this mean?" she asked. "Who broke the vase, Ben?"

10. "I do not know positively, but pussy

walked into the room with me before Susie paid her visit there," replied Uncle Ben.

11. "Come, Susie, did you not break the vase?" asked Aunt Mary, who began to fear that she had been hasty in accusing her niece.

12. "Aunt Mary, I did not do it," answered the little girl.

13. Tears were in Aunt Mary's eyes as she said, "Susie, I believe you, and I ask your pardon;" and she bent down and gave her niece a hearty kiss.

14. "Hurra!" shouted the boys. The potatoes were laid aside, and the whole party went into the hay-field.

15. In the afternoon, Uncle Ben and Susie were talking about the breaking of the vase as they sat in the shade of a great tree. "They accused me wrongfully," said Susie; "they always do."

16. "'Better, if it be the will of God, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing,'" was her uncle's reply. "But are you always quite blameless? Do they not often misunderstand you because you are too proud to speak and explain?"

17. "Yes, I think they do," said Susie.

18. "Then, Susie, how can they read your heart? There is a time to be silent and a time to speak. Never let pride seal your lips when

a word of explanation is all that is needed,—and never speak a hasty word because passion prompts it."

LESSON 27.

de lū'şion fān'çied glō'ry vāin wrān̲'gling
mŏck'ing rēa'şon wōe com plāin'

THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

1. We asked where the magic came from
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her wealth of golden hair;
And her blue eyes looked toward heaven,
As though they could see God there;
"Hush!" said the child, "don't you hear it,
The music that 's every-where?"

2. God help us! we could not hear it;
Our hearts were heavy with pain;
We heard men toiling and wrangling;
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again:
But we lost all faith in the music,
We had listened so long in vain.

3. "Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,
And sadly we answered "No.
We might have fancied we heard it
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion—
Our reason has told us so—
And you will forget that you heard it,
When you know the sound of woe."

4. Then one spoke out from among us
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer.
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear;
And he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."

Language Exercise.—Read three sentences of this lesson that make statements. Read two that ask questions. What sentence makes an exclamation? Write on your slates two sentences of your own of each kind. When should the initial letter of any word be a capital letter? Write a sentence in which the word "*then*" should begin with a capital letter. Write another sentence in which the word "*then*" should begin with a small letter. In the verses you have read, with what kind of letter does the first word of each verse begin? Do these words always begin with a capital letter? Why do they begin with a capital letter in this lesson?

LESSON 28.

mĭṣ'er a ble	snärl'ing	ĭnch'eṣ	kēen
squēak'ing	bo͝o'ṣom	stĭrred	Spīte
băn'ished	drĭft'ed	flo͝odṣ	bāde
Jĕal'oŭs y	squâre	wōre	rȧft
Ćov'et oŭs ness		re prōach'fu̇l	

THREE EVIL SPIRITS.

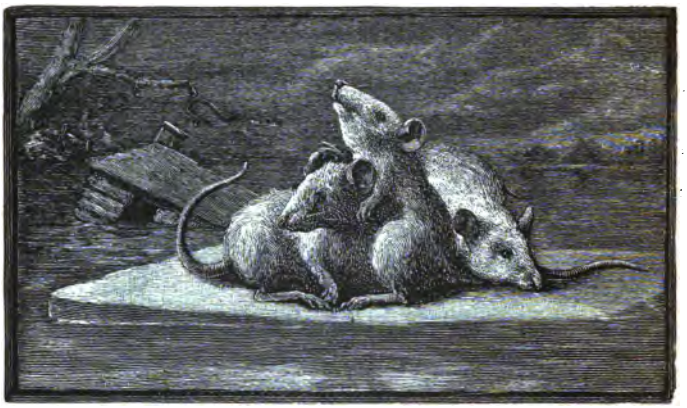
1. A family of rats lived in a log house on the bank of a river. They went to sleep one night without a thought of what would happen before morning.

2. Bitter, reproachful thoughts, I am sorry to say, were in their minds. Jealousy, Covetousness, Spite—these three evil spirits—stirred up the minds of the young rats.

3. So, squeaking and snarling, they fell asleep that night; but in the morning, cold, wet, and hungry, they were floating on a few square inches of board on the broad bosom of the stream.

4. The air blew keen about them; the morning sky hung over them, dull and gray; the floods had come while they were sleeping, and had swept the old log house into the river.

5. Where were now the evil spirits? Not on the poor little raft, for on that there was no



room for them. There was not a pin's difference between the lots of any two of them, and they knew it. No, there was no room for Jealousy.

6. Covetousness, too, was crowded out,—there was nothing to covet. All were cold; all were wet; all were miserable. There was no room for Covetousness.

7. The spirit of Spite, the most hateful of all, was banished with the rest. There was no gleaming of little white teeth, no biting, no clawing. Each had learned to pity the others, and there was no room for Spite.

8. So the day wore on. In the evening they drifted near the shore, and at last, one by one, the three found a shelter for the night in a hollow tree.

9. The next morning they saw that they were near a fine old farm-house; and making it their home this now happy family learned to think gratefully of the dreadful day when they bade good-by to Jealousy, Covetousness, and Spite.

LESSON 29.

wo͝od'bīne	băn'ner	wōve	săt is făc'tion
prŏp'er ty	vĭc'to ry	clŏth	ŏp'er ȧ-glȧss
en răġed'	fĭf'teen	mŭd	cŏm'mu nĭst
prĕss'ing	băt'tle	clāy	a băn'doned
pos sĕs'sion		foun dā'tion	

BUILDING A NEST.

1. The builders were two robins, and the building was done in a cherry-tree ten or fifteen feet from my window. I was sick in bed, but with an opera-glass I could see plainly the work going on—not all of it, however, for much was done in the morning before I was awake.

2. They first laid a foundation of large twigs, strengthened with mud, and then wove in short pieces of hay, grass, and fine twigs. They filled up the bottom with clay, worked up, I think, in their bills. I could see them put the sticks and straws in, push the ends through,

draw them out on the other side, and bring them up on the top or to some other place.

3. Long pieces of hay or white strings were hanging down around the nest. When a few short pieces had been woven in to their satisfaction, they would draw up these longer pieces, and pull them through, to fasten all together securely.

4. To shape the nest inside, the robin would turn round and round in it, pressing the mud in the bottom, making the nest round, and brushing the sides smooth. The loosely woven straws were beaten down by the bird's wings or pressed down by its head and neck.

5. One morning I saw a long strip of white cloth hanging from the nest. It was about two inches wide and three feet long. The birds were away getting their breakfast. A few minutes later I saw that the strip was gone, and that the robins were flying about, evidently trying to find the thief.

6. They found him before long, and brought the cloth back, followed by some town sparrows. Now, the town sparrow is the communist among birds. He thinks that if he wants any thing he has a right to it, no matter if it does belong to another.

7. One of these sparrows had found the nest and helped himself to this nice strip of cloth.

But the robins were ready to defend their property, and drove the sparrows away. Before an hour had passed, the sparrows stole the cloth again.

8. Oh, how angry the robins were! They called all the robins round about to help them, and made an attack on the sparrows' nests in the woodbine on the other side of the house. The mother robin came back with the cloth in her bill.

9. She did not go to the nest; she sat on the top of the cherry-tree. At least twenty enraged sparrows flew at her, but, after a short but sharp battle, they were thoroughly beaten. The piece of cloth was put back in the nest, and one end of it hung down all the summer, waving in the breeze like a banner of victory.

10. In a day or two the nest was finished. I think they were not a week building it. Then for several days they were not seen, and I feared they had abandoned it. But they came back again, took possession, and went to housekeeping.

LESSON 30.

sŏng'ster	grŏp'ing	är'mieş	snōw'-flākes
swĕll'ing	pēer'ing	pŏp'lar	round'e lāy
jŏn'quilş	mōld	pīp'ing	thôrn'-trēe
Măr'i on	măn'tle	hŏŏdş	vär'nished
slīp'per y	sēal'ing	brāin	fōre'head
dŏn'ning	rout'ed	stēep	ĕlm

LITTLE MARION.

1. Little maid Marion, walking slow,
Down the wood-path through the snow,
Watching the snow-flakes large and white,
Like stars and pretty flowers of light,
Wondered much in her wise young brain,
If the dreary winter was coming again.

2. Up in the elm that very day,
A little bird whistled his roundelay;
A fly, just waked from his winter's sleep,
Was scaling the window's slippery steep,
And the swelling buds on the poplar-tree
In their varnished wrappings were plain to see.

3. Peering, and groping with fingers small,
In the sheltered beds by the garden wall,
She was sure she had heard, down deep below,
The jonquils donning their hoods of snow,

And my lady Crocus, under the mold,
Weaving her mantle of purple and gold.

4. Little maid Marion, walking slow,
Felt on her forehead the west wind blow,
Saw the clouds, from the brightening sky,
Like routed armies go scurrying by,
And heard from the boughs of the thorn-tree near,
The brave little songster piping clear.

5. "Ha! ha!" laughed the jolly old sun again,
"The blossoms quicken in snow and rain."
The snow slid down from the poplars high,
The buds showed clear against the sky,
And little maid Marion, smiling, thought,
"The spring is coming just when it ought."

LESSON 31.

doubt'fụl	en ā'ble	soiled	sŭb'stançe
whĕth'er	ŏb'jects	gl̄ănd	at tăched'
mŭs'çleş	bruịşed	tūbeş	oil'y
eȳe'bạll	brĕath	flū'id	in flāmed'
		bōne	

THE EYES.

1. Six little muscles are attached to each eye-ball. These enable us to move the eyes in every direction. We should have to turn our heads every time we wished to look at a different object if it were not for these muscles.

2. Some boys were once playing in a rough manner. At last one of them was thrown on the ground; his face was bruised, and one of his eyes badly hurt.

3. He was confined to his bed a long time;

and when he was well enough to sit up, he could not move the eye that was hurt, so as to see objects that were in front of it or above it.

4. Some of the muscles that move the eyeball had been injured, and the doctor said that it was very doubtful whether they would ever be strong enough to turn it upward.

5. The eye is kept clean by a fluid which we call tears. This fluid is kept in a little gland, or pocket, and is carried over the eye by the lid. It runs away through a little hole in the bone to the lower surface of the nose, and is there dried up by the warm air of our breath.

6. If tears did not flow into the eye all the time, the inside of the lid would become dry, the eyeball would not move easily, and objects would appear as they do when we look at them through soiled glass.

7. When we cry, the tears come so fast that they can not all be carried off into the nose; so they flow over the lower lid and run down our cheeks.

8. There are little tubes along the edges of the eyelids. An oily substance flows from them which keeps the edges from being made sore by the movement of the lids.

9. These tubes get closed up if the eyes are not kept clean. The edges of the lids then become inflamed.

LESSON 32.—PART 1.

shŏv'el ing dĭl'a to ry Blāke thôught'less ness
re prọved' per fôrm' mŏd'el ap pēar'ançe
thêre'fōre cŏn'duct nĭck'el cŏm'pli ment
ĭ'dle ness Sạw'yer

SEEMING AND BEING.

1. James Blake and Frank Sawyer were not unlike in appearance, and their conduct was so good at school and on the street that people often said, "Jamie and Frank are model boys. Their parents ought to be very proud of them."

2. Each of these boys had some home duties to perform, such as lighting the fires in the morning, shoveling the snow away from the walks in the winter, and doing some work in the garden in the spring and summer.

3. James did his work in such a way as to add to the pleasure and comfort of the family; Frank was dilatory and careless, and therefore was frequently reproved for idleness and thoughtlessness.

4. When there had been a heavy fall of snow, James would come softly down stairs an hour earlier than usual, light the fire in the kitchen, and then clear the walks of snow much sooner than any other boy in the neighborhood.

5. Sometimes, when his own work was done, he would work awhile for a neighbor before breakfast was ready, and have a nickel in his pocket when he came in to say "Good morning" to his father and mother.

6. After breakfast he would start off with a merry heart, and soon be in school ready for study. When he came home in the afternoon, he finished his tasks for the day in half an hour, and would then play till supper-time.

7. One evening, at the supper-table, his father said: "Really, Jamie, you are getting to be quite selfish, taking all the work out of my hands and doing it yourself. I don't know about allowing you to do this."

8. James blushed at the compliment, and said to himself, "I will soon have more surprises of the same kind for my hard-working father."

9. Thus the days passed happily with him and those at home, so far as his work and duties were concerned. His bright face and sweet temper made all around him happy. He was the same cheerful boy whether at work or at play.

PART 2.

ġĕn'er al ly	hĭn'drançe	dĭs re spĕct'fụl
neḡ lĕct'ed	cŏn'trȧsts	an noy'ançe
năt'ūr al ly	slȯv'en ly	chăr'ac terş
prŏs'pects	văn'ished	pŏp'ū lar
cor rĕct'ed	re lī'a ble	ạl rĕad'y
ĭn'do lençe	anx ī'e ty	po līte'

1. What about Frank? He was so idle in the morning that the snow often remained on the front steps and the walks until late in the afternoon; his errands were forgotten, causing much annoyance to the family; and his mother and sister were often obliged to perform his neglected duties.

2. His mother, never feeling sure that an errand was done, would say, "Frank, have you

been to the shop?" or, "Frank, have you done what I told you to do?" Frank would generally say in reply, "Oh no, I forgot; but I'll attend to it now."

3. Frank's father was much annoyed by his indolence and thoughtlessness; and on account of the bad habit he was forming, his future prospects were a source of much anxiety.

4. When the two boys were together, one would hardly imagine there was such a difference between them; but there were still greater contrasts in their characters than those already mentioned.

5. James was neat—Frank was slovenly; James was polite every-where—Frank's polite manners vanished as soon as he came into the house, and he often spoke in a rude way to his sister, and in a disrespectful way to his parents.

6. Still, Frank was naturally much brighter than James, and would have been more popular but for these bad habits, all of which could have been corrected quite easily. They were never corrected, however, and were a hindrance to success all his life.

7. James, though not brilliant, was always popular on account of his pleasant manners, and he became a successful business man because he was prompt and reliable.

LESSON 33.

hŭm'bly rāçe cûrbş jēer cŏm'rade's
strīveş sōul scôrn jĕst wīş'dŏm's
. grāçe täunt sĭn con trōl'

WHO IS TRULY BRAVE?

1. Who is truly brave?
The boy with self-control.
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And, though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

2. Who is truly brave?
The boy who can forgive,
And look as if he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word;
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

3. Who is truly brave?
The boy who fears to sin,
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heeds his comrade's taunt or jeer,
If he hath peace within.

4. Who is truly brave?
The boy who dares to pray,
And, humbly kneeling, seeks the face
Of God, and asks supplies of grace
To help him run the Christian race
And walk in wisdom's way.

LESSON 34.

splĕn'did	bụsh'eṣ	glâre	pre ṣŭmp'tion
im plōre'	pŭffed	clĕft	re frĕshed'
tĕm'pest	e rĕct'	ōats	hu mĭl'i ty
fụll'ness	pī'oŭs	stĭff	mẽr'çi fụl

THE BUCKWHEAT.

1. If, after a thunder-storm, you go into a field where buckwheat is growing, you will sometimes see that it looks quite black, just as if a stream of flame had passed over it. The farmer says, "The lightning has done this."

2. But how is it that the lightning does it? I will tell you what the sparrow told me, and the sparrow heard it from an old willow-tree that stood in a field of buckwheat, and is still standing there.

3. It is a large tree, and is cleft from top to bottom. Out of the clefts grow blackberry-

bushes and grasses. The tree bends forward, and the branches almost reach to the ground.

4. In all the fields around, grain was growing—rye, buckwheat, and oats. The grain stood there in such blessed fullness; and the heavier it was, the lower it bowed in pious humility.

5. A field of buckwheat was there, too, and it lay just before the old willow-tree. But the buckwheat did not bow down as did the other grain; stiff and proud, there it stood.

6. "I am quite as rich as the ears of corn," it said; "and, besides, I am much more beautiful. My flowers are as lovely as the blossoms of the apple-tree; it is a pleasure to look at me! Did you ever see any thing more splendid than I am, old willow-tree?"

7. The willow-tree nodded as if he would say, "Yes, certainly I have." But the buckwheat was puffed up with pride, and said, "The stupid tree! he is so old that grass is growing over his body."

8. Now a fearful thunder-storm drew near. All the flowers of the field folded their leaves or bowed their heads while the tempest passed; but the buckwheat, in its pride, stood quite erect.

9. "Bow thy head, as we do," said the flowers. "I shall do no such thing," said the buckwheat.

10. "Bow thy head, as we do," said the rye and the oats; "the spirit of the storm is about to rush by. He hath wings which reach from the clouds unto the earth; he will dash thee down before thou hast time to implore him to be merciful."

11. "No, I will not bend," said the buckwheat.

12. "Close thy flowers, and bend down thy leaves," said the old willow-tree; "look not into the glare of the lightning when the cloud bursts; men dare not do that.

13. "How would it fare with us, mere plants of the earth, if we dared to do it? We are so much less than men."

14. "So much less!" said the buckwheat; "now, just for that I will gaze into the glare of the lightning!" and it did so in its pride and presumption.

15. When the storm was over, there stood the flowers, and the rye, and the oats, in the calm, pure air, refreshed by the rain; but the buckwheat was burned by the lightning as black as coal. It lay a dead, useless plant upon the field.

16. The old willow moved its branches in the wind, and large drops fell from the green leaves, as if the tree wept.

17. And the sparrows asked, "What are you

weeping for? It is so beautiful here! Look how the sun is shining; look how the clouds are sailing on! Do you not smell the fragrance of the flowers? What are you weeping for, then, you old willow?"

18. The willow told them of the pride and presumption of the buckwheat, and of the punishment that followed. I, who relate the story, heard it from the sparrows; they told it to me one evening when I begged for a fairy tale.

LESSON 35.

THE LITTLE HOUSE-CARRIER.

1. The most that is generally known about the snail is that he is slow. When anybody goes very, very slowly, we say that he goes at a snail-pace. Lazy people, too, have been likened to the little moping crawler, and in this way the snail's good name has suffered.

2. If we have thought evil of this harmless friend, it is because we did not know him, and we ought to make him an apology. A boy may justly be blamed for being lazy, because he is able to do better. The snail goes as fast as he can; therefore he should be praised, not blamed. It will be seen, presently, why he is obliged

to go slowly. Indeed, any one may easily guess the reason.

3. The snail is only an inch or two long, but, when out of his shell, he seems to have four horns on his head. Two of these are above, and two below. They are not really horns. They are feelers, or fingers. And, strangely enough, at the ends of the two upper feelers are the snail's eyes.

4. The snail is soft and tender, and therefore has a shell fastened to his body for a covering or house. The shell looks as if it had been twisted and rolled up. Into it the snail can withdraw whenever he pleases, and rest, or go to sleep. Here he sleeps through the long, cold winter, without food. Indeed, a snail has been known to live six years without food.

5. Besides having short, clumsy feet, which are scarcely feet at all, the snail must carry his shell on his back when he moves about. When a boy goes on an errand he leaves his house at home. How fast could a boy go if he had to carry on his back a house large enough for him to live in?

6. Does the snail know any thing? A little story will answer this question. It was told by a lady about her little sister Georgie, who was exceedingly fond of animals.

7. "Before she could say more than a few

words," said the lady, "Georgie had formed an acquaintance with a toad, which used to come from behind a log where it lived, in answer to her call. It would sit winking before her, and would waddle back, when she grew tired and told it to go away.

8. "When she was between five and six years of age, I found a snail-shell, as I thought; and, on my return from a picnic, I gave it to her to amuse her. The snail soon crawled out, to her delight; but, after night came, disappeared, causing great grief to the little girl. In a day or two a large old-fashioned sofa in the front hall was moved, and in it was found the snail, glued fast. It had crawled down-stairs.

9. "I took a plant-jar of violets, and, placing the snail in it, carried it to her. A small toy cup was sunk in the soil of the jar, and filled with meal. This was done because I had read that French people feed snails on meal. The creature soon found the cup, and we observed it with interest for a while, as we found it had a mouth, which looked pink inside and appeared to us to have tiny teeth.

10. "We grew tired of the snail, but Georgie's interest never flagged. One day she surprised us by remarking that her snail knew her, when she talked to it, but would withdraw into its shell if any one else spoke. I saw the little girl prove this to be really so, time after time."

Definitions.—1. Mōp'ing, *stupid, dull; not lively.* 2. A pŏl'o ġy, *excuse.* 7. Ac quāint'ançe, *knowledge, familiarity.* Wạd'dlĕ, *to move or walk in a clumsy manner.* 10. Flăgged, *weakened, declined.*

Remark.—Use these words in sentences.

LESSON 36.

ROBIN'S COME.

1. From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along.
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of spring:
Robin's come.

2. Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of the frost and snow;
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The joyful reveille of spring:
Robin's come.

3. Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill;
Wake the yellow daffodil:
Robin's come.

4. Singing still in yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;

Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice clasps her hands in glee,
Calling from the open door,
With her soft voice, o'er and o'er,
"Robin's come."

Definitions.—1. Här'bin ger, *one who goes before to make known.* 2. Rĕv'eil lē', *morning call; here it refers to the awakening of spring.* 4. Răv'ished, *overcome with delight.* Re frān', *the repetition of the same words or notes at the end of a stanza or piece of music.*

LESSON 37.

JOHNNIE'S PET DOG.

1. When Johnnie was about ten years old, a farmer gave him a little collie for a pet. Johnnie was not a strong lad, and did not like to play much with the rough boys of the village where he lived.

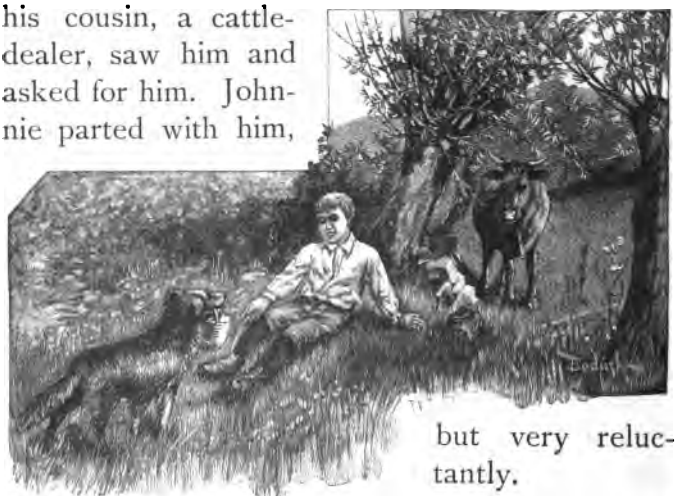
2. He was very fond of dogs, and trained his little pet to be a servant as well as playmate. When he was out in the field looking after his mother's cow, he sometimes felt hungry; and then the dog was sent home for some bread, which he brought back in a basket.

3. Sometimes the dog would come to his master with a piece of bread in his mouth, and a

pleading look in his eyes, as much as to say, "Master, I am sure you must be hungry. What would you do without me to look after you?"

4. On those occasions, the dog and the hens shared the bread between them.

5. Johnnie kept him about two years, when his cousin, a cattle-dealer, saw him and asked for him. Johnnie parted with him,



but very reluctantly.

6. As Johnnie grew older he grew stronger, and, some years after he gave the collie to his cousin, he went to Glasgow College. One day he was surprised by a dog rushing across the street and jumping about him.

7. He could not understand what it meant until he saw his cousin crossing the street to speak to him; he then knew that the dog was his old playmate.

8. But the dog showed another proof of his affection. While the cousins were talking, he ran into a baker's shop and made off with a roll, which he laid, with an air of triumph, at his old master's feet.

9. For once the dog was not mistaken. The poor student felt far more hungry than he ever felt while tending his mother's cow in the far-away Highlands.

10. It would not do to eat stolen bread, so matters were explained to the baker, who gave the roll to the dog as a reward.

11. When the cousins parted, was ever dog so distressed? He first ran after one master, then after the other. At last the cattle-dealer took him up in his arms and carried him away.

Definitions.—1. Cŏl'lie, *a kind of dog used for guarding sheep.* 4. Oc ca'şions, *timely chances.* 8. Trī'umph, *joy caused by success.* 9. Hīgh'lands, *the northern or mountainous part of Scotland.*

Language Exercise.—Write the names of the objects you see in this picture. Write the names of ten things not seen in the picture but spoken of in the lesson. Write five sentences which tell what a dog can do. Write four sentences which will distinguish one dog from another dog; as, *The dog is black.* When would you use *this* before dog, and when use *these?* When *that*, and when *those?* Fill blanks: —— is black. —— are black. —— has a roll. —— have a roll. Write a story about a dog.

LESSON 38.

RUNNING AFTER THE RAINBOW.

1. "Why thus aside your playthings throw,
Over the wet lawn hurrying so?
Where are you going, I want to know?"
"I'm running after the rainbow."

2. "Little boy, with your bright brown eyes
Full of innocent surprise,
Stop a minute, my Arthur wise,
What do you want with the rainbow?"

3. Arthur paused in his headlong race,
Turned to his mother his hot, young face:
"Mother, I want to reach the place
At either end of the rainbow.

4. "Nurse says, wherever it meets the ground,
Such beautiful things may oft be found
Buried below, or scattered around,
If one can but catch the rainbow.

5. "Oh, please don't hinder me, mother dear,
It will all be gone while I stay here;"
So with many a hope and not one fear,
The child ran after the rainbow.

6. Over the damp grass, ankle deep,
Clambering up the hilly steep,

And the wood where the birds were going to sleep,—
But he could n't catch the rainbow.

7. And when he came out of the wood's far side,
The sun was setting in golden pride.
There were plenty of clouds all rainbow-dyed,
But not a sign of the rainbow.

8. Said Arthur, sobbing, as home he went,
"I wish I had thought what mother meant;
I wish I had only been content,
And had not run after the rainbow."

9. And as he came sadly down the hill,
Stood mother chiding—but smiling still,
And hugged him close, as mothers will;
So he quite forgot the rainbow.

Definitions.—3. Hĕad'lōng, *rash, heedless.* 6. Clăm'-ber ing, *climbing with difficulty.* Stēep, *a high ascent.* 9. Chīd'ing, *reproaching, blaming.*

LESSON 39.

BRUIN.

1. In a very old poem, entitled "Reynard the Fox," the bear is named Bruin, which is the Dutch word for brown. This, then, is the way in which the bear got a name which for centuries

has been given to both brown bears and black bears.

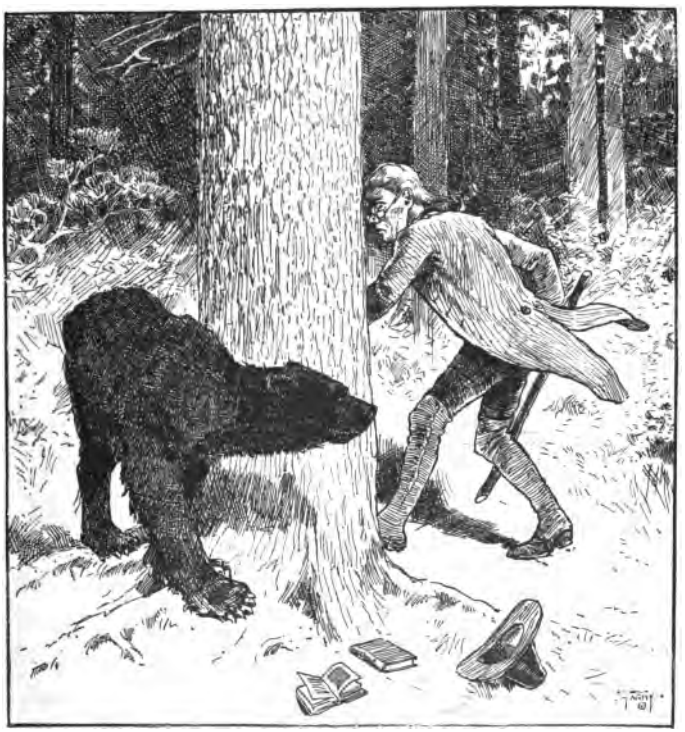
2. It is not necessary to describe Bruin. The droll fellow—almost everybody knows him. He is seen in the menagerie, in the animal gardens, and with the frontier showman on the village street. Everybody watches, with eager interest, his boyish antics and cunning tricks. A great many queer tales are told about him.

3. Wild bears seldom attack a human being, except to protect or defend their cubs. A story is told of a man who, passing through the woods, was pursued, at some distance, by a bear. Unfortunately, he had no weapon with which to defend himself except a pocket-knife. This would be a mere plaything for Bruin's paws. What could he do?

4. He remembered that a bear has a weak place in his back. Quickly he opened his knife and cut a hickory cane, which he trimmed as he went along. When the bear had come unpleasantly near, the man rushed behind a huge tree. The bear rushed after him. Around the trunk of the tree, man and bear ran after each other, like two children playing "tag," until they were quite out of breath.

5. At length the man gained on his pursuer, and coming close to her from behind, struck a hard blow with his cane across the small of her

back. She could run no more, for her back was broken; and the little pocket-knife did the rest of the work.



6. In the early days of Pennsylvania, on the bank of a wild, wooded stream, a pioneer settler had a saw-mill which was operated by water-power. The saw went up and down, not like the circular saws which are used at the present day.

7. One day, at noon, when the saw was busy, the miller brought his dinner pail, and, seating himself on the large log which was hitching along to feed the saw, began to eat his lunch. Bruin, too, was abroad seeking his dinner. He came near and looked in at the mill. Seeing, and quite likely smelling, the miller's lunch, he determined to have a taste of it.

8. Straight into the mill he walked, uninvited, and approached the moving log on which the miller was eating his dinner. The man, not caring to have a dispute with his strange visitor, left the log and his half-eaten dinner, and ran to a place of safety.

9. Bruin climbed upon the log, and taking the seat which the miller had left, with his back to the saw, began to finish the miller's lunch. The motion of the log was not quite agreeable to his temper, but the dinner was just what he wanted, and he was greatly pleased. Soon the hungry saw came slowly along, as if in search of its dinner, and, with its sharp teeth, began to taste the hair on Bruin's back. After a few more strokes up and down, the saw cut a gash in Bruin's back.

10. Now the bear, in close conflict, is accustomed either to strike or to hug his enemy. This time he thought it was best to hug it. So, in a towering passion, he turned about and

threw his arms around the moving saw and gave it a good strong hug. The saw went on, and cleft poor Bruin's heart; the bear paid for the miller's dinner at the price of his life.

Definitions.—1. Çĕnt'ū ry, *the period of a hundred years.* 2. Men ăg'e rie, *a collection of wild animals on exhibition.* 3. Cŭbş, *young bears.* 6. Pī o nēer', *the first of a kind or series.* Ŏp'er at ed, *moved, impelled.* 7. Hĭtch'ing, *moving by jerks.* 9. A grēe'a ble, *pleasing.* Gāsh, *a long and deep cut.* 10. Cŏn'fliet, *fight.* Tow'er ing, *extreme, violent.*

LESSON 40.

A LETTER.

COLUMBUS, O., *Dec.* 1, 1887.

DEAR COUSIN ROBBIE:

Our Thanksgiving vacation is over. When I was at dinner, I wished it would never end. Grandpapa, Aunt Mary, and Cousin Fred were here.

We were all very thankful, and felt kind to everybody. I could forgive Jimmie Shannon for getting his work done before I did.

I think I was the happiest when I carried a big turkey and other nice things to old Mrs. Poore, who lives in Smith Row. When she took the lid off the basket, how big her eyes were, and how they did shine! She said, "God

bless you, my dear boy!" And I think she meant what she said.

I am in school again.

Your loving cousin,

SAMUEL GRAY.

LESSON 41.—PART 1.

FLYAWAY.

1. It was midwinter. Outdoors, the young people were driving off in sleighs, sliding down hill, or gliding about on skates.

2. It was a charming life to little Fanny, who had not seen snow nor ice since her forgotten babyhood.

3. Fanny was, indeed, different from most children. Her uncle and aunt were very proud of her, but they soon found that her nickname of "Flyaway" was deserved.

4. The child had no idea of time, or distance, or promises. "Fanny must have some big scare to shock her into good behavior," thought her uncle.

5. She delighted to go with her friends to watch the skaters, and was soon the owner of skates herself, winning the admiration of all who saw her.

6. A daring thought came into her mind one day. How would it seem to have a great river all to one's self? "I can be home to dinner. I know how to skate. Uncle Matt will think I am brave."

7. Off she went. The air was sparkling when Fanny buckled on her skates; but when the December sun was setting—when the blue was all gone out of the sky—then little Fly-away thought of home.

8. She had skated down stream so swiftly that she was not aware of the great distance she had gone. Now that she had turned about, the shining roofs of the city seemed very, very far off!

9. Meanwhile, within Uncle Matt's bright dining-room the table for the five o'clock dinner was spread. An hour before, Aunt Elsie had learned that little Flyaway was missing.

10. As her skates were missing, too, it was not hard to guess that she was somewhere on the frozen river. So two of the servants were sent in different directions to bring her home.

11. Aunt Elsie had no doubt that Fanny would be back soon, but there was a look of annoyance on her face. Uncle Matt said nothing about her, but he wished in his heart that his pet was there, it was growing so cold outdoors.

PART 2.

1. At last the dinner was over. The servants came home, but no Flyaway. The police were notified; no little girl like Fanny had been seen on the ice that afternoon.

2. Meanwhile, cold and frightened, the little girl was making her way up the river. It was not a night for skating. There was no moon, and thick snow-clouds covered the sky.

3. "Al—most—home," faltered the runaway, as she at last saw the welcome gleam of lanterns not far away. These belonged to a party of fishermen who had been fishing through holes cut in the ice.

4. A boy, lagging behind them, noticed the little, staggering figure, but he was too cold and hungry to concern himself about it. He thought that of course it must have company not far off.

5. Reaching land, not long after, he saw an anxious crowd setting forth in search of a lost child, they said. Full of remorse, the boy dashed down the river, saying, "Come on! I've found her!" and was soon by her side.

6. But oh, poor little Flyaway! no longer flying, or even fluttering, she had sunk upon the ice, with a face as cold as her pillow. The fisher-boy placed his warm overcoat about her, and then the searching party came up.

7. When she was brought into the house, the chill of death seemed to enter it too. But the doctor would not give the child up. He tried hard to save her, and at midnight they were thankful to see the warm breath of life come faintly through her lips.

8. If you could see her now—a modest lady—you would never dream that she was the "Fly-away" that once ran off on skates, and was found on the river almost frozen to death.

Definitions.—Part I: 9. Mēan'whīle, *during this time.* Part II: 1. Nō'ti fied, *given notice.* 4. Lăg'ging, *loitering, staying behind.* Con çĕrn', *interest, trouble.* 5. Re môrse', *a sense of guilt; regret.*

LESSON 42.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

1. The snow-bird is six inches in length, and measures nine inches between the tips of its extended wings. The head, neck, and upper parts of the body, breast, and wings are of a deep slate color, sometimes skirted with brown.

2. The lower parts of the body and breast are pure white. The bill and the legs are of a reddish flesh color; the eyes, bluish white.

3. Snow-birds make their appearance in the northern parts of the United States soon after the middle of October. They are first seen on the borders of woods among the falling and decayed leaves, in loose flocks.

4. As the weather grows colder, they come nearer the farm-houses and villages. On the approach of stormy weather, they assemble in large flocks, and are very diligent in searching for food.

5. When deep snows cover the ground, they collect about barns, stables, and other outhouses, and even around the doors of dwellings.

6. They may then be seen in the heart of our cities, crowding around the threshold early in the morning, picking up crumbs.

7. At this time they may also be found in

low, sheltered places, feeding upon the seeds of many kinds of weeds that are not covered by the snow. In such places, they associate with many kinds of sparrows.

8. About the last of April, they go to the north or retire to high ranges of mountains, to build their nests and rear their young. The nest is fixed on the ground or among the grass, sometimes several being near together.

Definitions.—1. Ex tĕnd'ed, *open, outstretched.* Skĭrt'ed, *bordered, touched with.* 4. As sĕm'ble, *meet or collect.* 5. Dwĕll'ings, *houses where people live.* 6. Heärt, *middle, center; here refers to the busiest parts of cities.* Thrĕsh'ōld, *entrance to a dwelling or other house; door-sill.* 7. As sō'ci ate, *live or keep company with.* 8. Re tīre', *remove, withdraw.*

LESSON 43.

NOWHERE.

1. Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And the little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

2. Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you are never told, "It is time for bed,"
Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?
Then oh! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

3. If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

4. You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's Land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Definitions.—2. Hīe, *run with haste.* 3. Lŏng, *greatly desire.* Thrīve, *increase in size, grow strong.* Dī'et, *course of living.* 4. Strănd, *the shore of the sea.*

LESSON 44.

THE LITTLE PAUPER.

1. It is only a little pauper. Never mind her. You see she knows her place, and keeps close to the wall, as if she expected an oath or a blow.

2. The cold winds are making merry with those thin rags. You see nothing of a child's beauty in her pinched features.

3. Push her to one side—she 's used to it—she won't complain; she can't remember that she ever heard a kind word in her life. She would think you were mocking if you spoke kindly to her.

4. She passes into a warm kitchen, and is ordered out by the surly cook. In the shop windows she sees nice, fresh loaves of bread, and tempting little cakes.

5. Rosy little children pass her on their way to school, well-fed, well-clad, and joyous, with a mother's parting kiss still warm on their lips.

6. There seems to be happiness enough in the world, but it never comes to her. Her little basket is empty; and now, faint with hunger, she leans against the shop window.

7. A lovely lady has just passed in. She is buying cakes for her little girl. How nice it must be to be warm, and have enough to eat.

8. Poor Meta! She has tasted nothing since she was sent forth in the morning to beg or steal, and the tears will come. There is happiness in the world, but none for Meta.

9. Not so fast, little one! Warm hearts sometimes beat under silk and velvet. That lady has caught sight of your little woe-begone face and shivering form. Oh, what if it were her child!

10. She passes out of the door, takes those benumbed fingers in her daintily gloved hands, and leads the child—wondering, shy, and bewildered—into fairy-land.

11. A delightful sensation of warmth creeps over those frozen limbs; a faint color tinges the

pale cheeks, and the eyes grow liquid and lovely as Meta raises them to her benefactress.

12. The lady's little girl looks on with innocent joy, and learns, for the first time, how "blessed are the merciful."

13. And then Meta passes out with a heavy basket and a light heart. Surely the street has grown wider and the sky brighter!

14. This can scarcely be the same world! Meta's step is light as a child's should be. The sunshine of love has brightened her pathway.

15. Ah, Meta, earth is not all darkness. Bright angels yet walk the earth. Sweet-voiced Pity and heaven-eyed Charity sometimes stoop to bless. He who feeds the ravens, bends to listen. Look upward, little Meta!

Definitions.—1. Pa̤u'per, *a very poor person; one helped by charity.* 4. Sûr'ly, *rude, rough, cross.* 6. Fāint, *weak from loss of strength.* 8. Fōrth, *away, abroad.* 9. Wōe'-be gōne, *filled with grief and sorrow.* 10. Be nŭmbed', *deprived of feeling because of cold.* Be wĭl'dered, *puzzled.* 11. Sen sā'tion, *a state of feeling.* Běn e fāc'tress, *a woman who does kind deeds.*

Language Exercise.—Write a sentence of your own, in which you should use two dashes, as in paragraph ten. Write four words, like *well-fed* and *well-clad,* between the parts of which a hyphen should be placed. Write a short story of a boy who was poor and was assisted by another boy whose parents were rich.

LESSON 45.

THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERCUP.

1. Down in a field, one day in June,
   The flowers all bloomed together,
   Save one, who tried to hide herself,
   And drooped that pleasant weather.

2. A robin, who had flown too high,
   And felt a little lazy,
   Was resting near a buttercup
   Who wished she were a daisy.

3. For daisies grow so big and tall!
   She always had a passion
   For wearing frills around her neck,
   In just the daisies' fashion.

4. And buttercups must always be
   The same old tiresome color;
   While daisies dress in gold and white,
   Although their gold is duller.

5. "Dear robin," said the sad young flower,
   "Perhaps you'd not mind trying
   To find a nice white frill for me,
   Some day when you are flying."

6. "You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

7. "You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

8. "Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

9. "Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

LESSON 46.

THE LITTLE TREE-BEAR.

1. Some people call the coon, or raccoon, a tree-bear. This is a good name for him. Look at him carefully. Then turn to page 103 and examine the true bear. There is in the face and eyes of both the same roguish look; only the bear has a sadder, more solemn expression

of mischief. Both have sharp noses, and little round ears that stick up like sugar-scoops. They have the same number of toes—how many?—and stand on the whole flat foot. When the coon walks, however, he steps more on his toes, like the dog and the cat.

2. Both the bear and the bear-like coon are ready climbers. The coon spends more time in the tree than the bear does; and he is so small that he can run out on the weaker branches, where his larger cousin can not go.

3. There is a wide difference in the size of the two. The black, or the brown, bear measures six feet in length, and the coon but two feet from the tip of his little nose to the root of his bushy tail. The bear stays in his house and sleeps nearly all winter, without food; and so, in the northern country, does the coon.

4. The bear, everybody knows, eats a variety of things—nuts, apples, sugar and honey, berries, and sometimes meat or small animals. The coon, with his sharp nose, digs grubs from the ground; likes oysters; steals bacon from the hunter's camp; robs the farmer's hen-roost; and—oh, dear!—makes no end of trouble in the farmer's field of young corn.

5. For this reason—because he is so mischievous—the boys in the country make war upon the little tree-bear. The coon-hunt,

which they usually carry on at night, is considered great sport. Some kinds of dogs are specially bred and trained to the business, and are, therefore, called coon-dogs.

6. Near the residence of a tenant-farmer was a large old tree which was hollow. A friend, who was passing, observed the nose of a coon basking in the sun just above the top of the hollow, and called to the tenant, "There's a coon in that tree!"

7. "Yes, sir," said the farmer, "and he's been there several seasons; and, as I am not allowed to cut the tree down, he seems to defy me. I have set traps, and my dog has watched him, but he won't watch him any more. I think they have had a fight, and the dog has had the worst of it. Well, I've shot him, and I know I've hit him, but it's all of no use; and the villain has several times got one of my chickens."

8. To this our friend said, "We'll have a hunt to-night, and I'll catch him." He was told that he could not catch him; but he returned with two men and a ladder. A ball of cotton was fastened to a rope. The ball was soaked in kerosene oil. A man climbed the tree, and, having seated himself astride a branch, he set fire to the ball, and lowered the blazing mass into the deep retreat of the coon.

9. This was a new enemy, and the disconcerted animal came with a rush to the top of the hole, and looked at the man with such a

desperate gaze that he cried in fright, "He is coming for me!"

10. "Pull up your fire-ball, quick, and stick it in his face," shouted the leader. This the man did, dashing the blazing mass into the animal's

face, which caused it to fall heavily to the ground. It ran toward a meadow, and the dog pursued. The raccoon had to stop to fight the dog, thus giving the men time to come up and kill it with a club.

Definitions.—4. Va rī'e ty, *several kinds.* 5. Spĕ'cial ly, *in a particular manner.* 5. Rĕş'i dençe, *dwelling-house.* Tĕn'ant, *one who holds land belonging to another.* Ob şĕrved', *spied, took notice.* 7. Vĭl'lain, *a wicked person.* 8. Kĕr'o sēne, *an oil refined from crude petroleum, and used for lighting.* 9. Dis con çĕrt'ed, *confused, defeated.* Dĕs'per ate, *furious.*

LESSON 47.

WILFRED'S MISTAKE.

1. "Mother, look here; my new kite is torn to pieces! Yesterday I let George stand by and see me make it. Well, I put it in a corner to dry. Now it is all torn and spoiled, and George won't tell how he did it."

2. "But are you sure he did it, Wilfred?"

3. "Amy saw him come out of the room just before he went to bed last night, and Jane found this bit of paper in his bed—just the same kind as that in the kite."

4. "You had scraps of paper left, after making the kite, did you not, Wilfred?"

5. "George was the only person in the room with the kite. He must have torn it."

6. "I don't wish to screen your little brother; I only wish him to have fair play—and he must not be punished until I am sure that he is guilty. He says he has not touched your kite, and he always tells the truth."

7. A few days later the real criminal was discovered in the shape of Wilfred's dog, who, it seems, would tear in pieces paper of all descriptions.

8. Some years afterwards, Wilfred was staying with his uncle, who kept a book-store in a country town. One day his aunt said, "Your uncle has just found out that our shop-boy took money from the till yesterday."

9. "How did he do it?" asked Wilfred eagerly.

10. "He does not confess; but he must be the one who took it. Your uncle examined his pockets and found an old coin just like the one he took from little Miss Florence yesterday morning."

11. Wilfred had liked the looks of the little lad—and now to think that he was a thief! He went through the shop, and caught a glimpse of a sad face and blue eyes dimmed with tears.

12. He stopped, and said, "Why, Edwin, what does all this mean?"

13. There came a fresh burst of tears. "I never did it, sir, indeed; and it was my own money that sister sent me. I don't know any thing about the money that was stolen."

14. "You were left in charge of the shop, yesterday, were you not?" "Yes, sir." "Were there many customers?" "Five or six, sir."

15. "What were you doing when you were not attending to them?"

16. "I was reading that book about the Indians, sir; Mr. Smith would be angry if he knew."

17. "Very likely; you ought not to touch the new books. But where did you sit when you were reading?"

18. "I sat at the desk at the back end of the store, sir."

19. "I suppose you got much interested in the book you were reading."

20. "I got so much interested in it that I did not hear the customers come in, and they had to rap on the counter—and I know it was very wrong," said poor Edwin.

21. "Now don't cry any more, Edwin; I will be your friend—you want one to-day."

22. Wilfred went to his uncle. "Uncle," said he, "I think I see daylight in Edwin's case. May I try to solve the mystery in it?"

23. Mr. Smith replied, "Yes; you are going to be a lawyer, you know. Work up the case, if you like; but I fear no one but the lad had access to the till."

24. Wilfred began to make inquiries at once. He paid a visit to little Miss Florence, then to the police station, and called on the half-dozen customers who Edwin said were in the shop the preceding afternoon.

25. The next morning a policeman came to see him. The thief had been found. A tramp had been arrested with Miss Florence's old coin in his pocket, and another marked coin which the doctor's son had exchanged for a knife.

26. "A young chap," he said, "was reading at the far end of the store, so I leaned over the

counter and took a little money out of the till to help me on my way."

27. "Wilfred, you are a clear-headed fellow," said Mr. Smith.

28. "Not at all, uncle; but after my mistake about my kite, years ago, I made up my mind never to trust much to the mere appearance of guilt."

Definitions.—6. Sc-rēen, *shield, defend.* 7. Crĭm'i nal, *one guilty of wrong doing.* De scrĭp'tions, *kinds or sorts.* 8. Till, *a drawer in a store in which the money received is placed.* 14. Cŭs'to merş, *those who attend places of sale for the purpose of buying goods.* 20. Ĭn'ter ĕst ed, *having the attention fixed.* 22. Sŏlve, *explain, clear up.* 23. Ac çĕss', *admittance.* 24. Pre çēd'ing, *going before.* 26. Coun'ter, *a kind of table on which goods are placed.*

LESSON 48.

LITTLE SORROW.

1. Among the thistles on the hill,
In tears sat Little Sorrow:
"I see a black cloud in the west;
'T will bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms, where shall I be,
And what will keep the rain from me?
Woe 's me!" said Little Sorrow.

2. "But now the air is soft and sweet,
The sunshine bright," said Pleasure;
"Here is my pipe,—if you will dance,
I'll wake my merriest measure;
Or, if you choose, we 'll sit beneath
The red-rose tree, and twine a wreath;
Come, come with me!" said Pleasure.

3. "Oh, I want neither dance nor flowers,—
They're not for me," said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the west,
And it will storm to-morrow!
And if it storm, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you,—
Go! go!" said Little Sorrow.

4. But lo! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover;
And Pleasure called, "Come out and dance!
To-day you mourn no evil chance;
The clouds have all blown over!"

5. "And if they have, alas! alas!
Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
'T will surely come to-morrow,
And be the fiercer for delay!
I am too sore at heart to play,
Woe 's me!" said Little Sorrow.

LESSON 49.

ANTS.

1. What busy little insects ants are! And they are not only industrious—they are kind to one another, and are very careful not to hurt any one of their number in the least.

2. Ants are hatched from eggs. When very young, they can not feed themselves, even if

food is lying near them. They must be fed or they will soon die.

3. While they are helpless, the full-grown ants take the greatest care of them. They feed them and carry them from one part of the ant-hill to another as carefully as a mother carries a child about the house in her arms.

4. Before it is fully grown, each ant spins a cocoon in which it is shut up for a time. These cocoons are watched by the older ants, who know the exact time when the younger ones ought to come out of their prisons.

5. If any one is so weak that it can not get out without help, the older ones pierce a hole in the cocoon, when out walks a full-grown ant.

6. In building ant-hills, ants work together by hundreds. They carry the building material in their jaws, and smooth down the walls with their feet. They seem to know and to understand one another, and to have learned the useful lesson of obedience.

7. They have been known to nurse and care for the sick of their kind, and to carry away the dead ants found among the sick and wounded.

8. Some kinds of ants make war upon other kinds. They attack the nests of their enemies in swarms, and, having captured them, carry away large numbers of young, half-grown ants to their own nests.

9. They rear these carefully, and make slaves of them — sometimes working with them as equals, sometimes compelling them to do all the hard work of the colony. The slave-ants are treated kindly, and seem to submit willingly to their fate.

10. Our common black ants, though often beaten in battles by their red enemies, are active and brave. If their nest is disturbed, they rush out to defend it. Many boys and girls know that their bite is not soon forgotten.

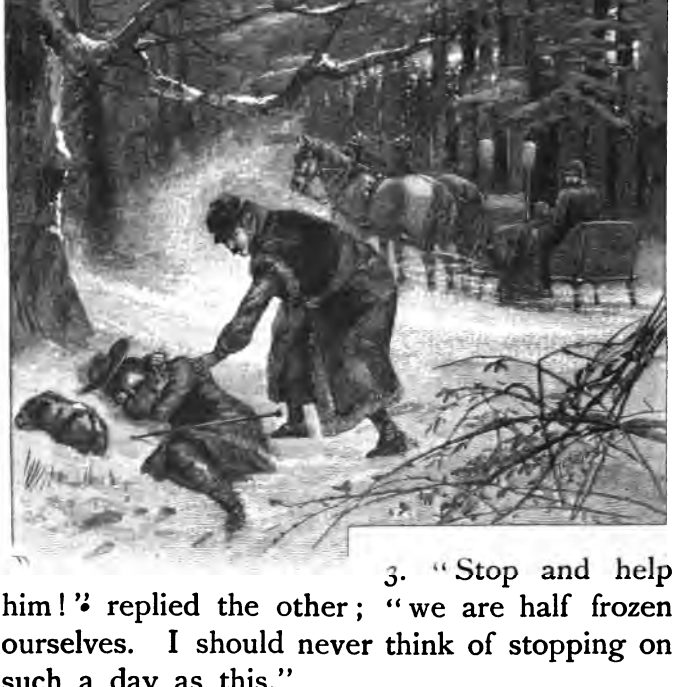
Definitions.—1. Ĭn'sects, *very small animals that have six legs; sometimes two, but never more than four wings; and that breathe air through tubes in the sides of the body.* In dŭs'tri oŭs, *always busy.* 2. Hätched, *developed, produced.* 9. Sub mĭt', *yield, surrender.*

LESSON 50.

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

1. On a very cold day in winter, two travelers were driving along in a sledge. They were wrapped up in furs from head to foot; even their faces were nearly covered.

2. At last they saw a man who had sunk down in the snow, benumbed with cold. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers.



3. "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "we are half frozen ourselves. I should never think of stopping on such a day as this."

4. "But I can not leave this man to perish," said the humane traveler; and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "help me rouse him."

5. "Not I; I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself more than is necessary. I will sit here and keep as warm as I can till you come back."

6. So saying, he kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the man per-

ishing in the snow, and succeeded in rousing him.

7. He was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow creature that he forgot his own exposure—and what was the consequence? Why, the very efforts he made to warm the stranger warmed himself.

8. Thus, he had a two-fold reward. He felt that he was doing a noble act, and also found himself glowing with warmth.

9. How was it with his companion? He was nearly frozen to death in spite of the efforts he made to keep himself warm.

10. We are all travelers to a distant country. At almost every step we find other travelers who need our aid. Now, there are two ways of meeting these objects of our regard.

11. We can say to them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled"; or we can say with the warm-hearted traveler, "I will not see this man perish; I will go to his relief."

12. In such cases, we should remember that one who lives only for himself can not be happy, and that he who imparts a blessing to others opens a fountain of joy in his own bosom.

Definitions.—1. Slĕdge, *a low-seated vehicle on runners, used for riding upon snow.* 4. Hu māne', *kind, merciful.* 7. Ex pō'ṣure, *openness to cold or danger.*

LESSON 51.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

1. With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklingle-lingle,
Up through the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

2. With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos, and threes, and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringle-ringle,
By threes, and fours, and single,
The cows come slowly home.

3. With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingle-lingle,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Definitions.—1. Dĭn'gle, *a narrow valley.* 3. Vē'nus, *a planet or world like the earth, but much smaller.*

LESSON 52.

MARBLES.

1. The children had just come into the school-room, taken their seats, and begun to study, when Robbie dropped a marble, which kept rolling till it stopped in front of the teacher's desk.

2. The teacher called Robbie to her desk, and found his pockets full of marbles. These were taken from him and put away in the desk for safe-keeping.

3. At the close of school, the teacher took a brown marble from the desk and asked Robbie if he knew how it was made.

4. "No, ma'am," said he; but another boy said he knew. It was molded from soft clay, and then baked in an oven till it was hard.

5. "Yes," said the teacher, "and some marbles are made of what is called porcelain clay. They are first painted and then baked.

6. "Some marbles, too, are made of hard stone. The stone is cut into small pieces with square sides. These are put into a hollow cylinder, which is made to revolve.

7. "This causes the pieces to rub against one another till they are round and smooth. These marbles are called alleys.

8. "Glass marbles are called agates. They are made by pouring melted glass into round molds.

9. "Sometimes a little melted glass is put on the end of an iron rod; the rod is then whirled around very fast, and this makes the glass round."

10. The teacher then held up a marble with a tiny dog inside of it. She said the image of the dog was put on the end of an iron rod and then dipped into melted glass, so that the image was inside of the marble when it was finished.

11. "Real agates," said she, "are the nicest

of all marbles, and cost the most. They are made in Germany, and are cut from a stone called agate.

12. "The stone is chipped with a small hammer until it is nearly round. It is then ground on a grindstone until it is round and smooth."

13. "I am glad I dropped my marble this time," said Robbie to his mother that evening, "for if I had not dropped it, the teacher might not have told us how marbles are made; but I will try not to do so again."

Definitions.—5. Pôr'çe lain, *a very pure kind of clay, used in making china-ware.* Çÿl'in der, *a body of roller-like form.* 8. Mōldş, *prepared cavities in which material is placed to receive its form.* 10. Tī'ny, *very small.*

LESSON 53.

ACROSS THE SNOW.

1. Across the snow, across the snow,
The boisterous, biting breezes blow;
In leafless forest depths they stir
The tapering tips of pine and fir;
They haunt the hollows lone and deep,
Where rillets, now in icy sleep,
Will one day charm the poet's ear
With liquid treble, fine and clear.

2. Across the snow, across the snow,
The distant sleigh-bells tinkle low;
And brook-like laughter falls and swells
With every cadence of the bells,
Until, like echo's soft replies,
Behind the hill it faints and dies,
To leave a sense of solitude
At one with nature's wintry mood.

3. Across the snow, across the snow,
The merry-hearted children go;
And from their lips sweet notes of song
Outwell the while they trip along.
'T is spring within their hearts howe'er
The furious northern blasts may blare;
Their cheeks with summer bloom will glow
Though all the earth is robed in snow.

Definitions.—1. Bois'ter oŭs, *noisy, wild, rough.* Bīt'ing, *sharp, severe.* Tā'per ing, *growing gradually smaller toward one end.* Hāunt, *visit often.* Trĕb'le, *the highest part in music.* 2. Ca'dençe, *the regular modulation or fall of sounds.* Fāints, *grows less.* At one, *in keeping; agreeing.* 3. Out wĕll', *pour out.* Blâre, *roar.*

Language Exercise.—Use the words which are defined above in sentences of your own. Write a list of the words which are the names of objects or things that indicate more than one; ăs, *bells.* How many different uses of the apostrophe in this lesson? Write four sentences, containing words not in the lesson, in which the apostrophe should be used.

LESSON 54.

JENNY LIND'S CHILDHOOD.

1. A little girl, shy and attractive, but not pretty, was brushing and dusting in her mother's school-room in Stockholm. She sang as she worked, like a happy bird.

2. A lady happened to be riding by in a carriage. She stopped and listened. The sweetness of the girl's voice touched her heart.

3. "I must take your daughter to Crælius," said she to the girl's mother. "She has a voice that will make her fortune." Crælius was a famous teacher of music.

4. The lady took her to Crælius, who was delighted with her voice, as were all others who heard her sing. It was not long before she had the best instruction the city could furnish.

5. So the little girl found favor. She sang and studied, and studied and sang, charming all who heard her. She was not yet twelve, and I suppose her young heart beat with a proud delight as praises were showered upon her.

6. One evening she was announced to sing a part it had long been her ambition to sing. The house was crowded. She tried to sing, but she was mute—her silvery notes were gone.

7. What a disappointment! And yet not a bitter one. She bore it meekly, and said, "I will study." Four years passed away, and with them, probably, most of her bright dreams of fame and fortune.

8. One day a voice was needed in a part which no one of the regular singers in a choir was willing to take. Crælius thought of his poor little pupil. Pleased to oblige her old teacher, she consented to sing.

9. While practicing her part, to the joy and surprise of both pupil and teacher, her long-lost voice suddenly returned in all its grace and richness. What a delightful evening was that!

10. She was now sixteen, and she wished to go to Paris to study with the best teachers. To earn the means to do that, she traveled with her father through Norway and Sweden, giving concerts. When enough money had been thus raised, she left home for the great city.

11. Here a distinguished teacher said to her, on hearing her sing, "My child, you have no voice. Do not sing a note for three months; then come to me again."

12. She was not disheartened, but waited three months patiently. At the end of that time she went back, and the teacher said in cheering tones, "You may begin your lessons immediately."

14. Then she became famous — yes, and it was through waiting, painstaking, and self-denial, without which no true excellence can be reached.

Definitions.—11. Dis tĭn'g̱uished, *noted, famed.* 12. Dis heärt'ened, *without courage or hope.*

LESSON 55.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

1. The long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveler's feet,
As over the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon,
Moves slow on its way.

2. But hark! in the distance
That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset;
It is not the moon!

3. The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,

While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low,
As the red light mounts higher,
"We are lost! we are lost!
'T is the prairie on fire!"

4. The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one;
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done;
He has lighted the grass;
The quick flames leap in air;
And the pathway before them
Lies blackened and bare.

5. How the fire-fiend behind
Rushes on in his power!

But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour.
On the scarred, smoking earth
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

6. Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping with joy.

LESSON 56.—PART 1.

STORM AND WHINNIE.

1. "I can't do any thing with Storm," said the coachman to my uncle, who was inquiring about some horses he had bought lately.

2. It was a cold day. We had just got out of the carriage, and I stood shivering on the door-step, listening to the conversation.

3. Storm was a large, handsome horse, and very strong. Although my uncle was a good horseman, he had found him hard to manage.

4. "I do assure you, sir," continued the coachman, "he isn't safe. I never saw so vicious a beast. It took Will Young and me an hour, this morning, to get the bit into his mouth so that we could lead him out of the stable.

5. "Will was scarcely in the saddle before the beast threw him over his head. He says he will never try to ride him again. You see, sir, Will has a wife and two children."

6. My uncle looked grave. He liked Storm, and felt sure that he could be cured of his vicious tricks by proper training. "Well," said he, turning to the coachman, "I'll step around to the stable and look at the horse."

7. "Let me go, too, uncle," said I.

8. "Very well, my little lady," was the response; "but we must remember to keep at a safe distance from this terrible Storm. There must be no going up to him with apples and sugar."

9. When we reached the stable, my uncle opened the door. How astonished we were to see Storm in his stall, with a little child not more than four years old, sitting on the floor close to one of his feet, clipping away the hair on the fetlock with a large pair of scissors.

10. The little fellow was not conscious of his danger, and was so engaged in his work that he did not hear us come into the stable. Storm

was standing quite still, looking at him intently, but without any appearance of anger.

11. As he looked at the helpless little creature that he could have struck dead in an instant, his savage nature seemed to soften. I am sure he kept still lest he should hurt the child, and I lost my own fear of him from that moment.

12. Just then, Mrs. Young came running along, greatly alarmed, searching for her little boy. "Freddie, come here," said she, in a trembling voice; and he ran to her, saying, "What a good horse Storm is, mamma; he did n't bite or kick when I went into his stall."

13. From that day Storm seemed to regard Freddie as his master, and was always mild and gentle when the child was near him.

PART 2.

1. Whinnie was the pet mare of the Ford family. She had been petted and played with by the worthy farmer and his children until they almost considered her one of the family.

2. Hard times came, and Mr. Ford made up his mind to sell her. The boys and girls made a great outcry when they heard of this; but Whinnie was sold, and they had to bid good-by to their favorite.

3. My uncle was a kind man, and he took care to give directions, in Mr. Ford's presence, when Whinnie was brought to him, that she was to be petted and treated kindly. The farmer then gave her a parting pat on the neck and went home.

4. When he reached home, what was his horror to learn that one of the children had been burned badly, and that the doctor must be called at once. But the doctor was four miles away, and the horse was sold!

5. The poor man set out on foot, running as fast as he could, but was soon obliged to stop and lean against the gate of a pasture in which he had often put Whinnie.

6. He took off his hat, and buried his face in his hands, which he rested on the upper bar of the gate. He felt sick, and his brain was in a whirl. "Heaven help me!" cried he; "what shall I do?"

7. He had hardly uttered these words when he felt a gentle touch on his shoulder. Raising his head quickly, he beheld Whinnie, saddled and bridled as when he parted from her, standing close to him. In a moment he was galloping off toward the doctor's.

8. The fact is, Whinnie did not like being sold any more than the Ford family liked parting with her. So she watched her opportunity

and broke away suddenly from the man who was leading her to the stable.

9. Of course, she galloped toward her old home. When near it, she stopped to graze awhile by the roadside and enjoy her freedom. As soon as she saw her old master, she went up to him and touched his shoulder.

10. Her new master insisted upon Mr. Ford's taking Whinnie back; and at the same time, he offered to lend him the money that had been paid for her.

11. The hard times did not last long. The borrowed money was soon paid, and Whinnie never again left the home and the friends she loved so well.

Definitions.—Part I: 1. In quīr'ing, *asking.* 4. Vĭ'cioŭs, *given to bad tricks, unruly.* 8. Re spŏnse', *reply, answer.* 9. Fĕt'lŏck, *the part of the leg of a horse where the tuft of hair grows, just above the foot.* 10. Cŏn'scioŭs, *aware, having knowledge of a thing.* En gāged', *interested, occupied.* In tĕnt'ly, *fixedly, earnestly.* 12. Sĕarch'ing, *looking carefully.* Part II: 1. Con sĭd'ered, *thought, looked at.* 2. Fā'vor īte, *pet, one liked above others.* 7. Be hĕld', *saw.* 10. In sĭst'ed, *urged.*

Language Exercise.—Write a few sentences telling what would be unkind and cruel treatment of a horse. Tell what you think would be kind treatment. Write six words which tell what a horse can do. Make a list of all the words ending in *ly*, except *family*. Read the sentences in which they occur, leaving them out. Tell why they are used. What effect have they on the meaning?

LESSON 57.—PART I.

THE FEARNS AND THE JOYCES.

1. "Alan," said Mabel Fearn to her brother, "what is the matter with you? Have you made a mistake in some important case?"

2. "Of course not!" cried Bertie; "Alan never makes mistakes."

3. "We are all liable to make them, Bertie," said Dr. Fearn; "but I have not poisoned any of my patients yet."

4. "Well, then, why do you look so downhearted?"

5. "Because my thoughts are with the people in Factory Lane. I have been visiting some sick children there this morning."

6. "Wasn't the factory burned down?" asked Bertie. "I remember that Mabel mentioned it in one of her letters to me when I was away at school."

7. "Yes; and while it is being rebuilt, many are seeking work in vain. My heart ached when I went into the cold and cheerless rooms, and saw that the children needed food which their parents could not supply.

8. "In one house I found an old grandmother, nearly blind and very feeble, who had kept seven children from the poor-house, earning food

for them by knitting, and rejoicing when the two eldest earned a few cents in a chance way.

9. "Her two rooms were neat and clean; and though I could see signs of want on every side, the poor old woman tried to conceal their need from me."

10. "Perhaps," said Mabel, "she dreads going to the poor-house and having the children taken away from her."

11. "There is no need of that. The little girls are learning to be useful in the kitchen and elsewhere, and the boys will find good places before long. If she can now have food and warmth, there may be many a year of useful, happy life yet in store for the old lady."

12. "Are you attending her, Alan?" "Oh, no; old Mrs. Joyce is the last one to think of herself. But the youngest child is very sick.

13. "I said to her, 'This is a sad Christmas to you, Mrs. Joyce. The frost and the snow have added to your burdens.'

14. "She answered, her wrinkled face quiet and patient, 'Yet there is a comfort, sir; for the little lads can get a few cents for shoveling snow from the paths and door-steps.'"

15. "I suppose," said Bertie, "you will see plenty of distress now you are a doctor. Well, don't look so troubled about it. The Bible tells us we shall always have the poor with us."

16. "And because they are with us, are we to care nothing at all about them? No, Bertie, all of us should have the spirit of him, who, for the sake of the lost, and the wandering, and the needy, had not where to lay his head, and who became poor that we might be rich."

PART 2.

1. "Well, what does all this mean? Are you going to have a picnic in winter?" asked Dr. Fearn as he entered the room where Mabel, Bertie, and Kittie were unpacking a large basket.

2. "No, Alan," said Kittie; "these are things Mabel has bought with some of the money you gave her last Monday."

3. "That money was for her birthday party and a silk dress. Why, Mabel, it seems to me that you have spent your money for bread, and tea, and such things. What is that card for, Bertie?"

4. "You know," said Bertie, "that Uncle Harry sent me a Christmas card. I have framed it for the poor little sick boy you told us about."

5. "Mabel, have you spent the first half-dimes of your money in helping the poor?"

6. "Yes, Alan—and I have a large number of soup tickets that I want you to distribute for me. How could I have a birthday party and a silk dress while people are freezing and starving?"

7. "Mabel is going to have two parties," said Kittie. "Aunt Emma is so nice about it. We are to have the large kitchen, and shall ask some poor children to tea.

8. "Then we shall have a Christmas tree, with nice warm socks and other useful things on it, instead of toys only; but we shall have some toys, too. The children of the poor should not be denied innocent means of amusement."

9. "On another evening," said Mabel, eagerly, "the poor, discouraged, grown-up people are to come and have a nice warm meal; and we shall sing to them, and talk to them, and inquire into their cases. We shall want your help both evenings, Alan, dear."

10. "What about this smaller basket?" asked the doctor, with a face glowing with excitement.

11. "Oh, this is for the Joyces. I wonder what the poor old woman will say when they receive it."

12. "She will say," said the doctor, "what she has often said amid her tears, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

PART 3.

1. Two little children were kneeling in a cold, dark room, lighted only by the moonlight. Grandma had but one candle, and she wished to save it till the two elder boys came in.

2. "Give us this day our daily bread." Robbie stopped, looking doubtful. "God don't give it, grandma; you have n't had any thing but a bit of our crust."

3. "Ask him, my lamb; he 'll listen to you. He won't let us starve."

4. "Well, James and Willie will bring some, may be," said Robbie, more cheerfully; and then his voice joined Katie's in asking our Father for daily bread.

5. The children looked up eagerly when James and Willie came in. The boys had earned nothing. Grandma's heart almost died within her as she told them that there was nothing left for them to eat.

6. "Robbie," whispered Katie, "let's ask God again; we want bread so much." So the children crept away together, and their simple prayer was said once more.

7. They did not know that food, plentiful and nourishing, was already on its way to them, and that in a canvas bag with the food was money enough to buy fuel to keep them warm many long, cold days.

8. The boys went down stairs to light the candle in a neighbor's room. It was some time before they returned; but with the help of the carpenter, to whose room they had gone, they brought up something that caused a great excitement.

9. "Oh, grandma," cried James, "see what the express-man has brought you. He says it's a present from Dr. Fearn's sister, and I shouldn't wonder if it was full of good things. Robbie! Katie! just see what grandma has got."

10. The poor woman seemed unable to move, but the eager boys soon brought to light the parcels that Mabel Fearn's money had purchased.

11. The children's hands were soon filled with bread, and grandma cried again and again, "The Lord has had mercy on us. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

12. Then Robbie, the little doubter, with tears on his smiling face, went down on his knees, his fingers holding fast the slice of bread, and whispered, "Oh, good, kind Lord, Robbie does want to say, 'Thank you!'"

Definitions.—Part I: 3. Lī'a ble, *apt.* Pā'tient, *a sick person who is under the care of a doctor.* 8. Pōor'-house, *a house where the poor are taken care of at the public expense.* Part II: 6. Dis trĭb'ūte, *to divide among a number.* 9. Ēa'gĕr ly, *warmly, hastily.* Dis cŏur'ăged, *disheartened.* Part III: 7. Plĕn'ti fŭl, *in plenty, abundant.* Nŏur'ish ing, *causing growth.* 10. Pûr'chased, *bought.*

LESSON 58.

BY-AND-BY.

1. There's a little mischief-making
   Elfin, who is ever nigh,
   Thwarting every undertaking;
   And his name is By-and-by.

2. "What we ought to do this minute
   Will be better done," he'll cry,
   "If to-morrow we begin it;
   Put it off," says By-and-by.

3. Those who heed the treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue;
What we always put off doing,
Clearly, we shall never do.

4. We shall reach what we endeavor
If on "Now" we more rely;
But unto the realms of "Never"
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

Definitions.—1. Ĕlf'in, *an imaginary being, a spirit.* Nīgh, *near.* Thwart'ing, *opposing, defeating.* 3. Trĕach'-er oŭs, *false.* Rue, *regret, grieve for.* 4. En dĕav'or, *try to gain.* Rĕalms, *regions, country.* Pī'lot, *guide.*

LESSON 59.

FORMS OF WATER.

1. Why is this boy holding his coat to the fire? It is wet, and he wishes to dry it. See the vapor, or steam, rising from the coat. It will soon be dry.

2. The steam you see rising is the water that was in the coat. The heat of the fire separates the water into little particles, so small and so light that they rise from the coat and go into the air.

3. They soon become invisible, and heated air will hold more of them in an invisible state than cold air. When dry air passes over water, some of the water is separated into particles that go into the air, even if it is cold.

4. When moist, heated air is cooled, some of the vapor in it becomes visible in the form of dew or fog. These make the surface of the earth, and objects near it, damp or wet. Frozen particles of vapor form white frost.

5. The heat of the sun dries the surface of the earth as the fire dries the boy's coat. In this way much water, in the form of vapor, is taken up from the surface every day.

6. This vapor floats in the air, and by and by some of it forms clouds, the air in which it floats becoming cooled. When the little particles come so close together as to form clouds, they usually begin to unite into drops.

7. These drops are too heavy to stay in the air, so they fall to the earth, and we say it rains. Sometimes the drops freeze before they fall, and then we say it hails. Hail frequently does much damage by destroying grain and other crops, breaking window-panes, and even killing small animals.

8. When the vapor freezes into beautiful white crystals, which float lightly down from the clouds, we say it snows. It is so cold on the tops of many high mountains that snow never melts.

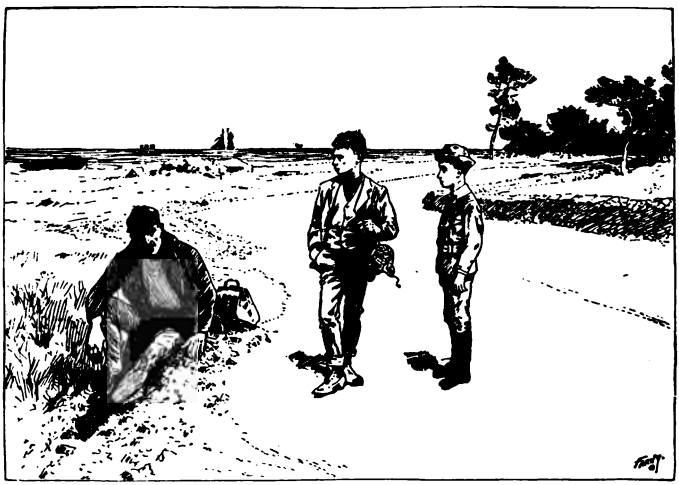
Definitions.—2. Sĕp'a rātes, *divides, parts.* 3. In vĭş'i-ble, *can not be seen.*

LESSON 60.

YES OR NO.

1. "Yes or No. Quick, quick! make up your mind at once. Will you go?"

2. "I don't know, Yorke. You remember the scrape we got into last week. They are sure to catch us, and then we shall suffer for it."



3. "Well, then, you are a coward, that's clear. Come, now, decide one way or the other. Yes or No?"

4. "Is that the question, boys, the great question of 'Yes or No'?" said a voice behind them.

5. It was the voice of a juggler, or strolling player, crouching by the side of a dusty road. Yorke, with a half-laugh, played with his cap—the younger boy listened in earnest.

6. "Boys, that same question was put to me once, and if I had only had the courage to say 'Yes' to the right and 'No' to the wrong, I might have been a happier man now.

7. "I was an errand boy to a doctor. He was a hard man, but he meant right. I was never

tired of climbing, standing on my head, and that sort of thing.

8. "So it happened that I came across an old juggler, and he was so pleased with me that he asked me to go with him and make my fortune—'Yes or No'?

9. "That same night the doctor caught me hanging by my feet from the hand-rail outside of his house, and he asked me, cane in hand, if I would mend my ways or go on idling—'Yes or No'?

10. "I was n't brave enough to give him a hearty 'Yes'; so while I stammered, the thing was done; my wages were paid, and I was turned off.

11. "I went straight to the old juggler, and a weary life I have led since. It is well enough to play in playtime, but play in earnest is hard work.

12. "Mark my words—put the 'Yes' in the right place, and the 'No' in its place, and it will be the better for you in the end."

13. Here the man crouched down again and munched away at his bread and cheese. Yorke jumped over the wall, calling upon his schoolmate to follow him. With a few words, Sydney turned towards his own home.

14. When his little sisters asked their usually idle brother, that evening, if he would play or

work, they were surprised at the decided answer, "I will work!"

15. At school, the next morning, Yorke's question, "Well, are you going?" got such a strong, short "No" for its answer, that he turned away without a word, in spite of his laugh.

16. It was some days after this that Sydney's little sister came running into the parlor with the eager question, "Mamma, who is that funny man in the kitchen?"

17. "It is a poor juggler, dear; he is very tired, and he has such a cough that I told him to come in and rest a little and have a cup of tea."

18. "Is he the juggler that has been playing tricks in the park?" asked Sydney, raising his eyes from his book. "I owe him a good word. The other day he prevented me from doing a wicked act."

19. This was said carelessly, but the mother saw that much was meant. When they were alone, Sydney told his mother what the juggler said about "Yes or No." "Mother," said he, "after this I shall try to put 'Yes' and 'No' in the right places."

20. "Well," said she, "if his story has the effect of giving you a little more 'backbone,' as your father calls it, we shall both of us owe him many thanks."

Definitions.—2. Scrāpe, *difficulty, a disagreeable position.* 5. Jŭg'gler, *one who makes sport by tricks of wonderful quickness.* 7. Härd, *difficult to please; unfeeling, severe.* 9. Mĕnd, *to correct;* here, *mend my ways* means to *refrain from evil and do good.* 13. Crouched, *bent; stooped low.* Mŭnched, *chewed without opening the mouth.* 18. Pre vĕnt'ed, *stopped, hindered.* 20. Băck'bōne, *firmness of purpose, self-reliance.*

LESSON 61.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

1. Give us light amid our darkness;
   Let us know the good from ill;
   Hate us not for all our blindness;
   Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
   You can make us what you will.

2. We are willing; we are ready;
   We would learn if you would teach;
   We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
   We have minds alive to beauty;
   Souls that any height can reach.

3. We shall be what you shall make us;—
   Make us wise, and make us good;
   Make us strong for time of trial;
   Teach us temperance, self-denial,
   Patience, kindness, fortitude.

4. Look into our childish faces;
   See you not our willing hearts?
   Only love us—only lead us;
   Only let us know you need us,
   And we all will do our parts.

5. Train us, try us, days slide onward,
   They can ne'er be ours again;
   Save us, save from our undoing;
   Save from ignorance and ruin;
   Free us all from wrong and stain.

Definitions.—2. Yĕarn, *filled with longing desire.* Alive to, *impressed with.* 3. Fôr'ti tūde, *power to resist evil; strength.* 5. Un do'ing, *destruction.*

LESSON 62.—PART 1.

THE FIRE ON THE ROOF.

1. "Mamma says these are God's flowers; but as he has so many I know he won't care if I pick some," said little Mary Ellis, running up the hill in her red frock, her hands full of dandelions.

2. "How bright and gay you look, dear. Don't run away from me," said I, stooping to catch the child.

3. "Well, then, I won't, if you will put me on that rock," said she.

4. "Oh, pretty, pretty!" she cried, when I had

placed her on the rock. "I can see all the folks in the world, and all the houses. I can see your house, auntie."

5. My house was the dear old homestead, between high elm-trees, and we had come away and left it with nobody in it but grandma and the cat.

6. "Well, you may sit here a while and look at the houses and the flowers," said I, "but I can not talk to you, for I am going to write. You won't talk, will you?"

7. "No, I won't talk. Kiss me. Oh, what queer little tucks you've got in your eyelids," said she, gazing into my old face.

8. I hurried away to a large oak-tree with my paper and pencil. Little Mary kept on talking to herself. Her voice had a pleasant sound, like the twitter of a bird, but I was not disturbed until she began to ask questions again.

9. "When will I be ninety, auntie?"

10. "Oh, not for a long time."

11. "Am I fifty now, auntie?"

12. "No, you are only three. Please be quiet, dear."

13. She obeyed for nearly a minute, and then called out again, in a clear, sweet voice, "Will to-morrow be Sunday?"

14. "No." "Oh, it won't be Sunday again till Thursday, will it?"

15. The sweet little torment! I loved her fondly, dearly, but I wished somebody else had the care of her that morning. Why did her sister Fanny go out riding when she knew I was so busy?

PART 2.

1. I rose and went back to the rock. "Let me take you down, Mary. Don't you want to go home?"

2. "Oh, no! oh, no!" said she, clinging to the rock with both hands, and spilling half of her dandelions.

3. "Well, then, I must go to another tree farther away, for you talk too much. But how will you get down when I am gone?"

4. "I'll ring a bell," said she, laughing; and I laughed, too, as I turned away and left her still talking. "She would talk to the flies and the mosquitoes," thought I.

5. "Funny fire, funny fire," I heard her say, but I did not move my head. "Little red fire! Auntie, auntie, see that funny fire on top of your house!"

6. Then I turned, you may be sure, and looked down the hill. I felt my heart stop beating. Indeed, there was a fire—a red flame shooting up from the roof of the old homestead.

7. How it came there I could not guess; but

oh, the horror of it! I had left the dear old mother in her chamber, making a cap—and that fire was blazing right over her head! I ran down the hill, shouting, "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

8. I met a man and a boy. It was not three minutes—it seemed hours—before the bells were ringing and the fire-engines clanging through the streets.

9. I entered our yard just ahead of the engines. With an anxious face, my mother came to the door to meet me. "Is anybody's house on fire?" she asked. Anybody's house!

10. She understood it all in a moment. The red flame, which had been growing and growing, was beaten down and drowned out before it had done any serious harm, and our home was saved.

11. Yes, it was little, restless, chattering Mary, that saved it. Not a soul in town had seen the fire until she saw it, bless her little heart!

12. We were all very happy, and in a laughing mood that afternoon. We made ice-cream for Mary, and let her give some to the cat in the best china bowl; and when the bowl was broken, we only laughed again.

13. Mary did not know why I held her so close that night and cried over her; and she did not know why I gave her a silver cup, lined with gold, on the day she went home. "But you will know some time," said I.

14. "Will I know when I'm ninety?" asked she, flourishing her cup. "But oh, Auntie, who did build that funny little fire on top of your house?"

Definitions.—Part I: 5. Hōme'stĕad, *the home or dwelling of a family.* 7. Tŭcks, *folds, wrinkles.* Part II: 4. Mos quĭ'tōeş, *small insects whose stings produce painful wounds.* 9. Anx'ioŭs, *uneasy, disturbed.*

LESSON 63.

THE OSTRICH.

1. The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of the lion as sometimes to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning; but at times also at night.

2. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its foot is sufficient to kill such beasts of prey as the hyena, the wild dog, and the jackal. It always strikes forward.

3. For a short distance, its speed is perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet then appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length of each step is frequently twelve or fourteen feet.

4. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of the seeds, tops, and buds of various

shrubs and other plants; but it is sometimes met with in regions apparently destitute of vegetation. It is difficult to conceive how it manages to live in these regions.

5. When in confinement, it shows but little discrimination in the choice of food. It then swallows pieces of wood and iron, stones, spoons, and other things that can not be digested.

6. When ostriches were still a rare sight in Europe, a woman, hearing that some of them had been brought to the town where she lived, shut up her house, and, taking the key of the door in her hand, went to see them.

7. No sooner had she arrived at the place where they were kept, than one of them walked gravely up to her, and, snatching the key out of her hand, swallowed it—thus shutting her out of her own house.

Definitions.—2. E nôr'moŭs, *greatly beyond the common measure.* 4. Dĕs'ti tūte, *in want of, lacking.* Con çēive', *imagine, understand.* 5. Dis erĭm i nā'tion, *judgment.* Dĭ-ġĕst'ed, *made to support the body.*

Language Exercise.—Give the children oral and written exercises in the correct use of the verb "*to be*" in all its different forms, and the words with which it makes sentences; as, *I am, he is, it was she, he is better than I, if you were I,* etc., etc. Write six words that end in *ous,* like enormous; place after each a word that it describes; as, *various shrubs.*

LESSON 64.

THE TELEGRAPH.

1. I sit here by my desk all day,
   Hearing the constant click
   As the messages speed on their way,
   And the calls come sharp and quick.

2. "Mother is dying; come at once."
   The tears will almost start
   For tender daughters and loving sons—
   God pity each aching heart!

3. "I am well; will come to-night."
   How bright some eyes will glow
   The livelong day, with a happy light,
   As the minutes come and go.

4. "Have had no letters; is something wrong?"
   Some heart is sad to-day,
   Counting the hours that seem so long—
   Some dear one is far away.

5. "Alice is better; gaining fast."
   Thank God for these words of cheer!
   Hearts bowed with sorrow shall at last
   Lose their weight of doubt and fear.

6. As I sit all day by my desk alone,
   Hearing the tidings go by,
   I catch their ever-changing tone
   With a smile and then a sigh.

LESSON 65.

PROCRASTINATION.

1. Procrastination is a long word. It is the name of a bad habit. The boy or girl that is fond of procrastination imagines that "to-morrow" or "presently" is the proper time for every thing. A sad mistake!

2. A noble ship had sprung a leak, and lay upon the ocean with a signal of distress flying. To the joy of all, another ship drew near, and at last came within hail. "What is wrong?" asked

captain of the strange ship through his speaking-trumpet.

3. "We have sprung a leak, and are going down. Lie by till morning," was the answer.

4. "Let me take your passengers on board now," replied the ready helper.

5. "Lie by till morning," was the only answer.

6. The strange ship did so. Morning came at last, but the other ship, with all on board, went down within an hour and a half of the last refusal.

7. "I'm going to get up at six to-morrow," says Harry. At half-past five the next morning he awakes. "It's time to get up!" says he. "It is of no use to hurry, though—I can dress in less than half an hour."

8. So Harry turns upon his side, and soon his eyes begin to close. "This will not do," says he, arousing himself with an effort. "But they say it is not healthy to jump out of bed in a hurry."

9. Harry's head drops upon the pillow. We need not be surprised at his falling asleep and being aroused by some one calling out, "It is half-past eight, Harry, and we have finished breakfast."

10. Master Harry's good resolution to get up at six, ends in his coming down to breakfast an

hour late, with a sleepy look on his face and a bad temper for the rest of the day.

11. If he goes on in this way, we know very well that he will not succeed in life. This is a busy world, and while one is thinking of doing something "presently," some one else comes forward and does it at once.

LESSON 66.

BLOCK CITY.

1. What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy while building at home.

2. Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea;
There I 'll establish a city for me.
A church, and a mill, and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well, where my vessels may ride.

3. Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way,
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

4. Now I have done with it, down let it go!
   All in a moment the town is laid low.
   Block upon block, lying scattered and free,
   What is there left of my town by the sea?

5. Yet as I saw it, I see it again,—
   The church and the palace, the ships and the men;
   And as long as I live, and where'er I may be,
   I 'll always remember my town by the sea.

Definitions.—1. Păl'a çeş, *splendid places of residence.* Dŏck, *the piers enclosing the space where ships may load or unload.* 2. Här'bor, *a place of safety for vessels.* 3. Pĭl'lar, *a column used as a support.* 4. Laid low, *destroyed, scattered, swept away.*

LESSON 67.—PART 1.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

1. The train stopped at a small station, and a woman with a child three or four years old came into the car. The woman was pale, and looked very tired; and the child, a boy, was one of those uneasy urchins who want to be always on the move.

2. The lady sat down wearily; the boy climbed up by her side, and insisted on standing at the window with his head out of it, thus obliging her to hold on to him.

3. "Please, Freddy, sit down by mamma, and be quiet," said she. "It's hard work to hold on to you, and mamma is tired. Won't you, dear?"

4. "I want to look out and see things," answered Freddy, too young to understand how any one can be tired.

5. "Won't you come here and look out of my window?" I asked. Freddy glanced at me and then shook his head. "I will stay with mamma," said he.

6. "Perhaps Freddy will let me take care of him," said a boy who sat opposite me. "Won't you, Freddy?"

7. Freddy looked at him a moment, then got down from the window and went to him, saying, "Yes, I will stay with you."

8. "You look as if you were almost tired out," said the boy to Freddy's mother. "If you could sleep it would rest you, I'm sure. I'll see to this little fellow."

9. "Thank you, you are very kind," said she; "but he is too big for a little boy to care for."

10. "Oh, no, ma'am. I can get along with him well enough," replied the boy. "If you'll let me, I'll take him to the other end of the car, where his talking won't be so likely to disturb you."

11. "I'm not afraid to trust him with you," said she. "If you are sure he won't be too much trouble to you"—

12. "I'll risk that," said the boy. "Come, Freddy," and, taking hold of his hand, he led him to the other end of the car. The tired mother lay back and closed her eyes.

13. Freddy had wants by the dozen, and the boy attended to them patiently. By-and-by he was coaxed to listen to a story. Before it ended he was asleep.

14. Then the boy made a pillow for his head, and laid him down carefully. When he had done that, he came to Freddy's mother and

asked her if he should not get her some water. The tank had been filled with cool, fresh water at the last station.

15. "How kind you are," said she. "I can't tell how much I thank you."

16. "If my mother was in your place, I should like to have some one help her," said the boy; and away he went to the tank, coming back with a brimming cup of water.

17. She took it, poured some water on her handkerchief, and bathed her head. "That makes me feel better," said she. "I am sure your mother would like to know how kind you are to me."

18. "She always told me to help other folks if I could," said the boy. "Some time I may want some one to help me."

PART 2.

1. The boy then went back to Freddy, and sat by him while he slept. The sleep was not a long one; and when he awoke, he was as full of spirits as healthy children usually are, but did not ask to go to his mother.

2. By-and-by the train stopped. The conductor called out, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" "Will you sit here while I am gone,

if I will bring you an apple?" said the boy to Freddy. The little fellow's eyes brightened. "Yes, I will," was the answer.

3. The boy went out, and presently came back with a cup of tea and something wrapped in a paper. "If you'll drink this, ma'am, I think it will make your head feel better."

4. "You are the kindest, most thoughtful little gentleman I have ever met," said she, as she took the cup. I smiled; she had hit upon the same title for him that I had been giving him.

5. "Here are some sandwiches," said he, opening the paper. "I have one, and an apple for Freddy." When she had drunk the tea, he carried the cup back.

6. "It does make me feel better," she said to me. "The boy's kindness gave it a flavor that makes it an agreeable medicine. What a fine, manly little fellow he is! I hope my boy will be like him."

7. I saw the little gentleman perform many more acts of kindness that long afternoon. Everything he did was done in a way that showed it was not done from a desire to impress a sense of his helpfulness upon those to whom he was attentive.

8. It was after dark when the lady and her child reached their stopping-place. When she

prepared to leave the car, he helped her to gather up her wraps and bundles, and took Freddy in his arms to carry him to the platform. I followed them to the car door.

9. "You have been very kind to me," she said, as she gave him her hand at parting. "I might tell you that I thank you, but you would not know from my words how grateful I am for your attentions.

10. "Here," she added, putting something in his hand, "I want you to get a book with this, and to write in it, 'From Freddy and his mother, with kindly thoughts for their little friend.' Good-by, my little gentleman."

Definitions.—Part I: 1. Ûr'chin, *a child.* 3. Cōaxed, *persuaded by gentle means.* 14. Tăn̲k, *a large vessel for holding water.* 16. Brĭm'ming, *full to overflowing.* Part II: 1. Full of spirits, *lively, capable of enjoyment.* 4. Tī'tle, *name.* 5. Sănd'wich, *two pieees of bread and butter with some meat between.* 6. Flā'vor, *taste.*

Language Exercise.—Require the children to give oral and written exercises in the correct use of *do, did, done; see, saw, seen; sit, sat; come, came; go, went, gone.* For example, *I have seen the picture, he came late,* etc. Careful and frequent exercises on these words will greatly aid the children in the use of correct speech. Write five sentences, using in each a word similar to *kindest;* as, *longest, sweetest.* Write a story similar to the above. Tell this story in your own language.

LESSON 68.

NIGHT SONG.

1. The moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright.
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising, silver-white.

2. Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust.
All seems one vast, still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

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